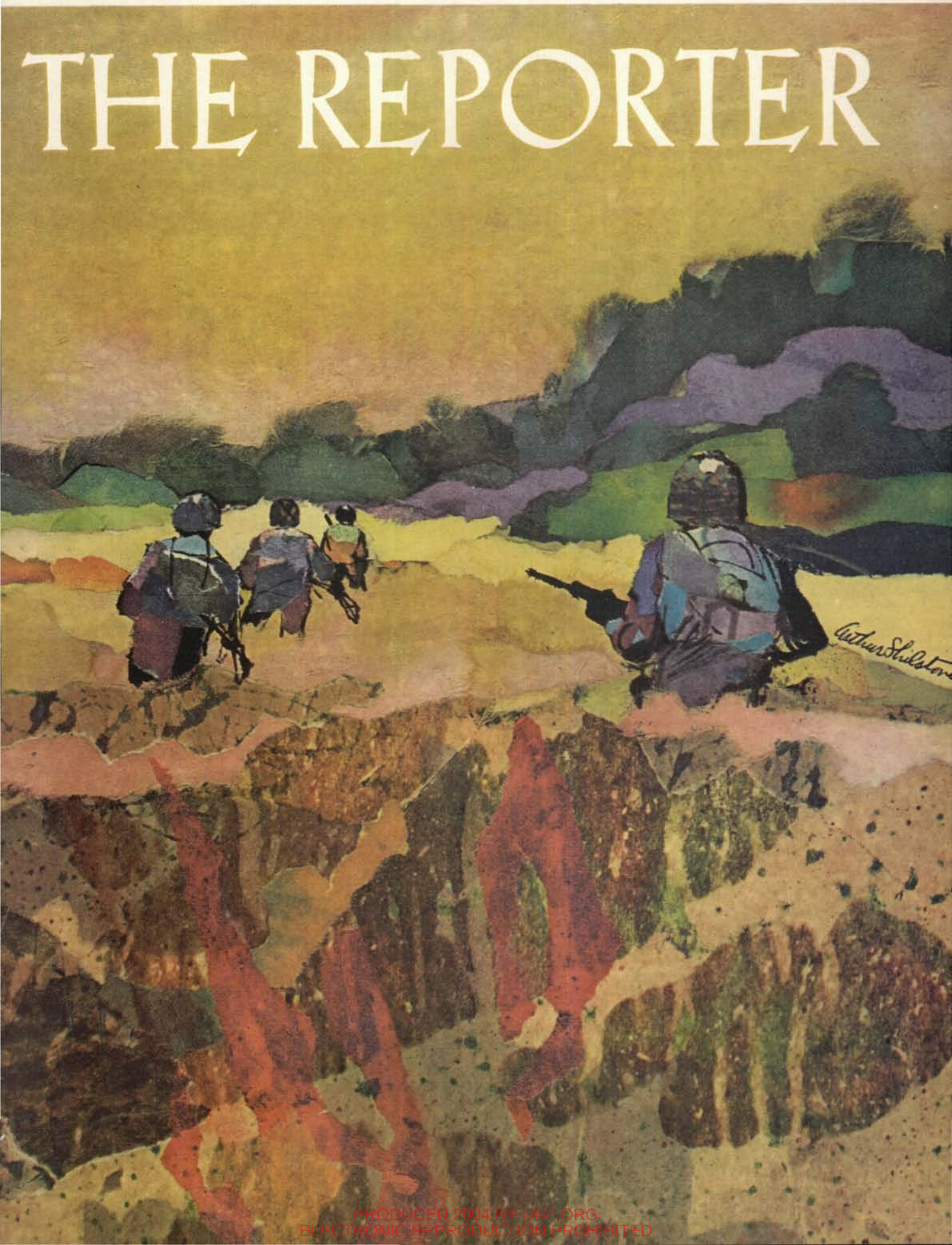
BACKGROUND TO MANILA

November 3, 1966 35¢

TEACHER INTEGRATION

THE REPORTER



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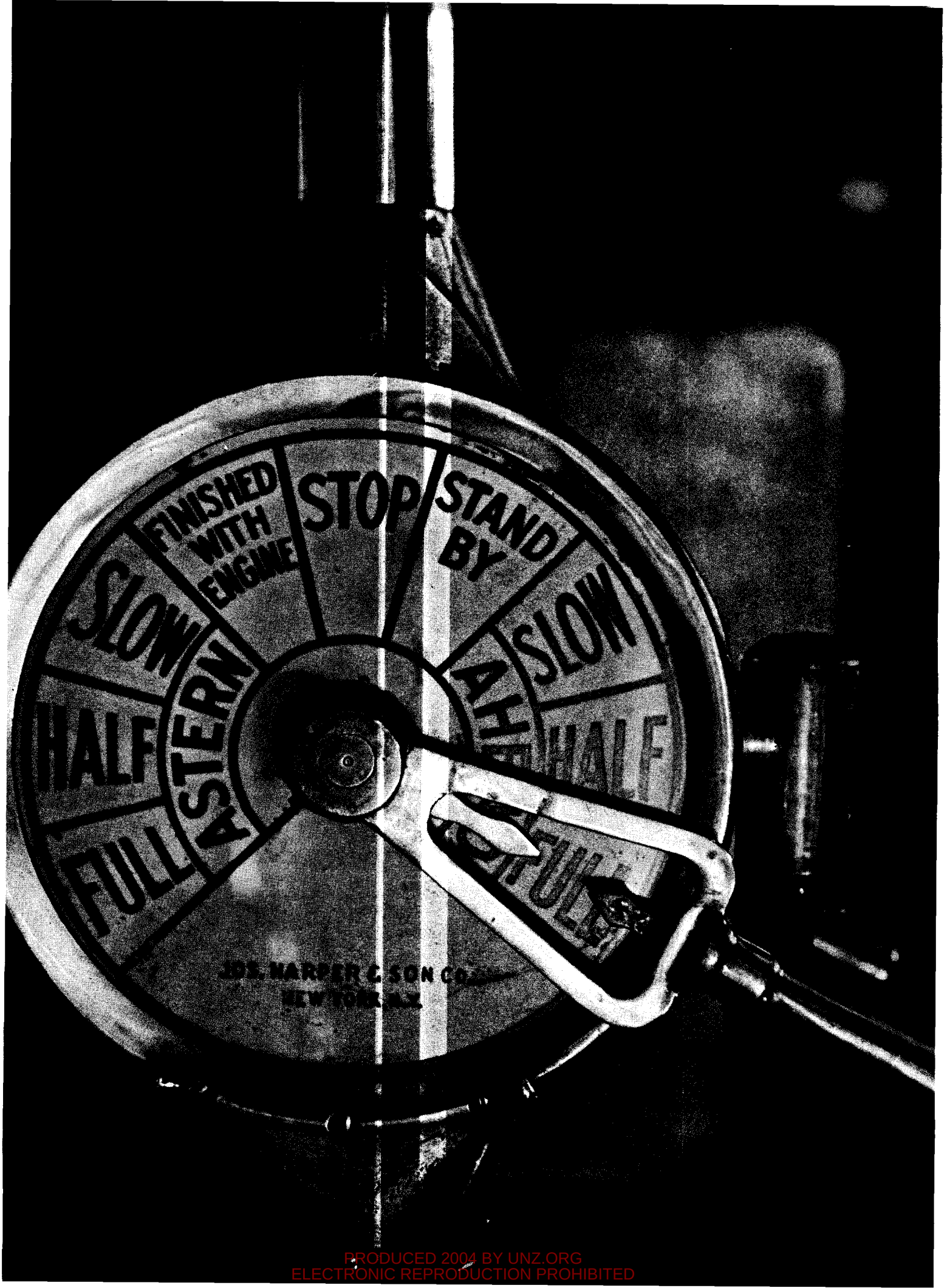

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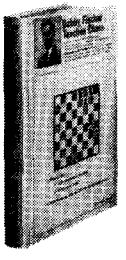

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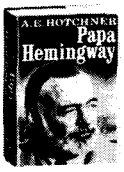

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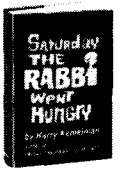

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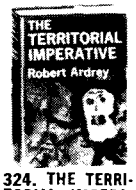

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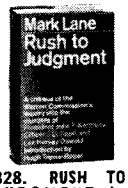

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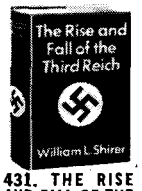

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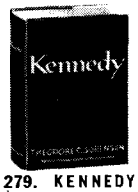

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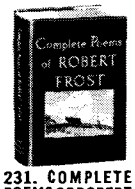

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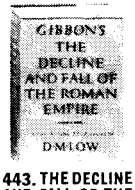

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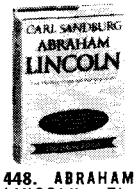

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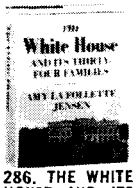

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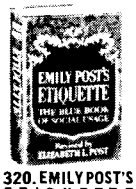

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THE daily press reports of "record" air raids and the weekly tally of casualties tend to sound so much the same that the reader may lose sight of a most important fact: we are winning the war in Vietnam. **Richard C. Hottelet,** a veteran CBS correspondent, documents this conclusion with facts and observations collected during a recent wide-ranging assignment in Vietnam. . . . How to turn this victory into peace was the question considered at the Manila Conference. Not far north of Manila, the nature of the enemy and his classic strategy of fomenting a military rebellion from the anger of an oppressed peasantry could be seen in the resurgence of the Communist Huk guerrilla movement. **Denis Warner,** who covered the beginnings of the Communist subversion in Laos and Vietnam, sees a parallel situation developing in the Philippines.

A CONFLICT of priorities in slum schools—whether integration of teaching staffs should come first, or an upgrading of education by providing better teachers, regardless of color—is fast becoming a major problem of big-city school boards. Teachers are resisting forced reassignment to upgrade neglected schools, and city administrators are afraid that many will quit or strike if the Federal government uses its power to withhold funds as a club to force teacher integration. **Peter A. Janssen** is Education Editor for the Newhouse National News Service. . . . Argentines have always felt that if their recurring governmental crises should become too damaging to the national welfare, a strong government backed by the military could step in and restore a balance. This is what the Onganía régime promised to do, writes **Gladys Delmas,** but there is no sign that its military leadership has the answers to the social and economic unrest that has plagued the country since the downfall of Perón. Mrs. Delmas travels regularly throughout Latin America and broadcasts editorial comment for the English and French networks of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. . . . The bilking of the poor by fast-talking door-to-door salesmen has been cited before Congress as a factor contributing to the smoldering resentments of the people of places like Watts. **Ralph Lee Smith,** a free-lance writer who specializes in consumer problems, documents how the poor are defrauded.

IN THE SUMMER of 1914, young men marched off to war with gaiety and innocence. The incredible horror of the four years that followed destroyed that innocence forever. And out of the mixture of that innocence and that horror was born a literature that is unique in history yet true for all time. **Alfred Kazin** discusses Guy Chapman's *A Passionate Prodigality,* one of the classic examples of writing about the Great War—and all wars—which, though more than thirty years old, has just been published in this country for the first time.

Sarel Eimerl reviews Iris Murdoch's latest novel. . . . On leave from the English Department at the University of California at Berkeley, **David Littlejohn** is currently a Fulbright lecturer in American literature at the University of Montpellier in France. Mr. Littlejohn is the editor of *Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters* (Prentice-Hall) and the author of *Black on White: A Critical Survey of Writing by American Negroes* (Grossman). . . . **Richard Moore** lives in Marblehead, Massachusetts. . . . **Glendy Culligan** is the former book-review editor of the Washington *Post*. . . . **Alfred Werner's** forthcoming book, *Gauguin,* will be published by McGraw-Hill. The Manet show he writes about will be at the Philadelphia Museum of Art until December 11, and at the Art Institute of Chicago from January 13 to February 19. . . . **James A. Maxwell** is a free-lance writer.

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THE U.N.

To the Editor: Your editorial, "The Frailest of Them All," in the October 6 issue, will get you howls of protest from many of your readers, some of whom, perhaps, like myself find it painful to view the U.N. as it is.

However, sad but true, the United Nations under U Thant is fast approaching irrelevancy, in declension from its present position of impotence.

RAYMOND L. BRAMUCCI
Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor: I am not easily shocked, but I am deeply shocked by some of your statements and comments in the October 6 *Reporter* editorial, especially in the last two paragraphs.

You add insult to injury. We Americans are devastating both North and South Vietnam, killing thousands of innocent people (including women and children and even some of our own soldiers), because it is thought some Vietcong may be hiding in the villages. I am inclined to think that we are almost as much to blame for our action in Vietnam as the Russians were in Hungary some years ago. Now, on top of this you make belittling remarks about U Thant and his sincere efforts toward peace.

ARTHUR H. WASHBURN
New Hope, Pennsylvania

BONN AND NATO

To the Editor: Congratulations on the superb reporting in George Bailey's "Germany Between Two Alliances," in your October 6 issue.

Having just returned from a tour of several NATO capitals, including Bonn, where I talked with senior officials of the various Foreign and Defense Ministries, I can attest to both the accuracy and the importance of Mr. Bailey's statements. Germany is closest among the fourteen to being our captive ally, and while that may increase the readiness of German officialdom to conform to our views, it has an additional cost in dissatisfaction. Moreover, the willingness to so conform is wearing very thin.

This is not to say that the disaffection with NATO, and especially disenchantment with American leadership in it, are confined to Germany and France. British high officials both in the Foreign Office in London and in the North Atlantic Council have had more than enough of American "doctrinalism" and "pushing." So have various representatives of the smaller NATO allies.

American Foreign Service officers, especially those working among our NATO allies, would really do well to listen a little harder and to pay more attention to what they hear, rather than feeling that they have or should have the answers to all problems, which

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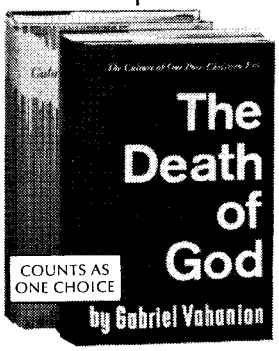

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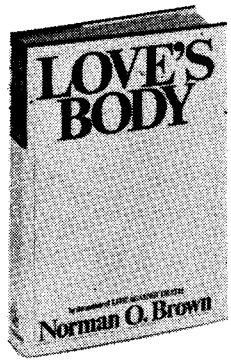

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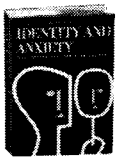

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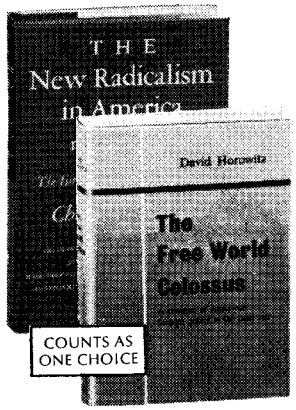

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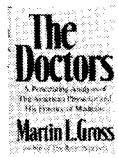

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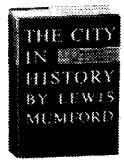

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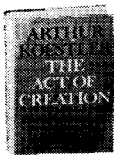

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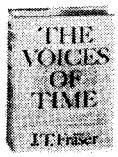

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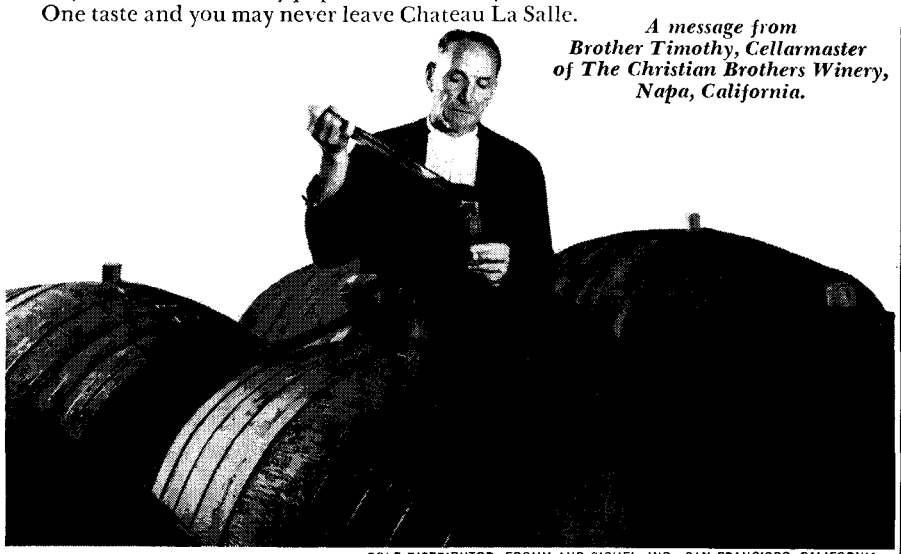

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BERNARD BRODIE
University of California
Los Angeles

ELECTORAL COLLEGE

To the Editor: As principal draftsman of the brief in *Delaware* v. *New York*, I was pleased to see the cogent and balanced coverage you gave this case in the article "The Electoral College Goes to Court" by Neal R. Peirce in your October 6 issue. The case is historic, even though the Supreme Court decided not to decide it when on October 17 Delaware was denied leave to file a bill of complaint.

Speaking from my "other hat" as immediate past chairman of the Committee on Supreme Court Decisions of the Association of American Law Schools, whose purpose is to help improve press reporting of the Court's work, I applaud this coverage in depth. It is an example of the kind of thing the Committee is seeking to promote. The Committee's main function so far, with the blessing of Chief Justice Earl Warren, has been to provide objective pre-decision memoranda by law professors on the cases on the Court's oral argument docket.

ROBERT G. DIXON, JR.
Special Counsel to Attorney General of Delaware and Professor of Law, George Washington University

To the Editor: As you know, this subcommittee intends to continue its work toward the resolution of several inequities which many of us believe exist under the present Electoral College system.

The publicity attendant to the filing and disposition of the Delaware suit may well bring to the electoral question the widespread public understanding necessary if we are to rid ourselves of this antiquated system.

BIRCH BAYH, Chairman
Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments
U.S. Senate

UPWARD BOUND

To the Editor: We were disappointed by Mark Levy's pessimistic and generally negative article "Upward Bound: A Summer Romance?" (*The Reporter*, October 6). The solid evidence as to whether Upward Bound students will go on to an appropriate form of post-secondary education is just not yet in hand. There are some fragments which we hope will turn out to be more general. For example, we had fifty-three students in the program at the State University at Buffalo this past summer. *All* of them are now enrolled at the university. We had forty-five high-school graduates at the Upward Bound program at Brandeis. Almost all are now enrolled in a post-secondary educational institution. Other programs took tenth- and eleventh-graders and

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MR. PRESIDENT!

June 22, 1966

The Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

...Our hopes for world peace, and our fears of world disaster, are centered at this time on Vietnam...

You, the United States Government, and Americans generally have looked for ways to end this unhappy war. The search has been extraordinarily difficult. Profoundly discouraging, too, has been the fact that the numerous efforts to find a path to peace in Vietnam have not only failed in themselves, but that we have been unable to understand these failures and to learn from them how we might succeed.

Much of our policy in Vietnam has been based on the historical analogy of our encounter with Nazism and Stalinism, an experience of ten to thirty years ago. A group of historians has now examined a past more recent and more relevant: the history of American involvement in Vietnam itself since 1963. Their findings are presented in the attached study.

The historians disclose a disturbing pattern of connections between negotiations and escalation, between political opportunities to approach peace and military actions that widen the war. The authors are well aware that, working only from the public record, their facts are incomplete and their perspective partial. Yet, the recent pattern they discern in the history of United States policy is of such grave import that we believe it to merit your serious attention: if wrong, to be refuted by evidence; if right, to become a guide to policy...

Respectfully,

Charles A. Bane, John C. Bennett, Eugene Carson Blake, Robert McAfee Brown, Benjamin J. Buttenwieser, Benton R. Cancell, Grenville Clark, Barry Commoner, Clifford J. Durr, William Eastlake, Marriner S. Eccles, Robert C. Garretson, Maxwell Geismar, J.W. Gitt, Patrick E. Gorman, Abraham J. Heschel, Robert M. Hutchins, Arnold Kaufman, Martin Luther King, Edward Lamb, Irving F. Laucks, David Livingston, Arno J. Mayer James G. Patton, B.T. Rocca, Sr., Frank Rosenblum, Carl E. Schorske, Jacob J. Weinstein, C. Vann Woodward,

A Citizens' White Paper on U. S. responses to pressures for a political settlement of the Vietnam War, prepared by a team of competent scholars, was submitted to the White House four months ago. A cover letter signed by 29 prominent and responsible American leaders and educators urged that the people of this nation be given a forthright official reply to the disturbing conclusions of this study.

Since no adequate official response has been made, this white paper is now being called to the attention of the American people through the publication of an expanded book-length edition entitled

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By **Franz Schurmann, Peter Dale Scott,** and **Reginald Zelnik** (of the University of California at Berkeley), in consultation with additional scholars on that and other campuses.

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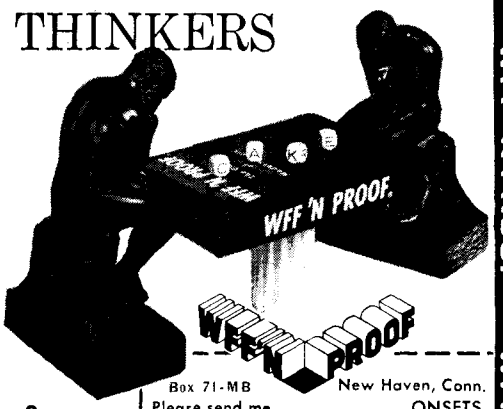

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HAROLD WILSON

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we don't know, of course, what their future will be.

The whole tone of the article suggested that Upward Bound was merely a "summer romance" and thus may be a "colossal fraud" perpetrated on poverty kids with what you call low ability. You failed to emphasize that every Upward Bound program is a *year-round* program in which the college takes direct responsibility to keep close track of their Upward Bound students via tutoring, return academic sessions back on the campus, and close work with the guidance people in the high schools to which the students returned.

I particularly regret that such a distinguished scholar as Dr. Kenneth Clark seems so pessimistic about Upward Bound. Unfortunately for us, he has never talked with us about Upward Bound. The program is carried on in 216 colleges, universities, and prep schools from the University of Maine to the College of Guam. So far as I know, his contact—and your reporter's—with Upward Bound is narrowed to the New York City region alone.

In a real sense, all anti-poverty programs are a gamble. I was a bit surprised to see *The Reporter* so eager to hedge the bet.

RICHARD T. FROST
Director
Project Upward Bound
Washington, D.C.

EAST SIDE

To the Editor: I yield to no one in my respect and admiration for Dr. Alfred Werner as an art critic, writer, and lecturer. But as the author of "In the Land of Promise" (*The Reporter*, October 6) he does not possess sufficient knowledge of the East Side, especially for the years prior to 1947 when Dr. Werner came to these shores.

As a native American and East Sider during my youth, whose parents came here and settled on the East Side in the middle 1880's, I can say honestly that while the East Side was not "a bed of roses," it was far from a place of "suffering" in those early years. For these immigrants came to the Promised Land, indeed, or "Goldene Medina" (the golden land), where they were emancipated, to seek economic opportunities and education, if not for themselves then for their children. Dr. Werner, if he was more conversant with the subject, could write about the remarkable work of the Educational Alliance, with its religious and social service work; of Cooper Union with its free public lectures, its public libraries, night and evening high schools, its numerous preparatory schools, for those young men and women anxious to obtain a higher education and who eventually went to the universities and graduated as doctors, lawyers, accountants, etc. This was the East Side as I and thousands of others knew it and loved it.

WILLIAM GOLDFINGER
Bronx, New York

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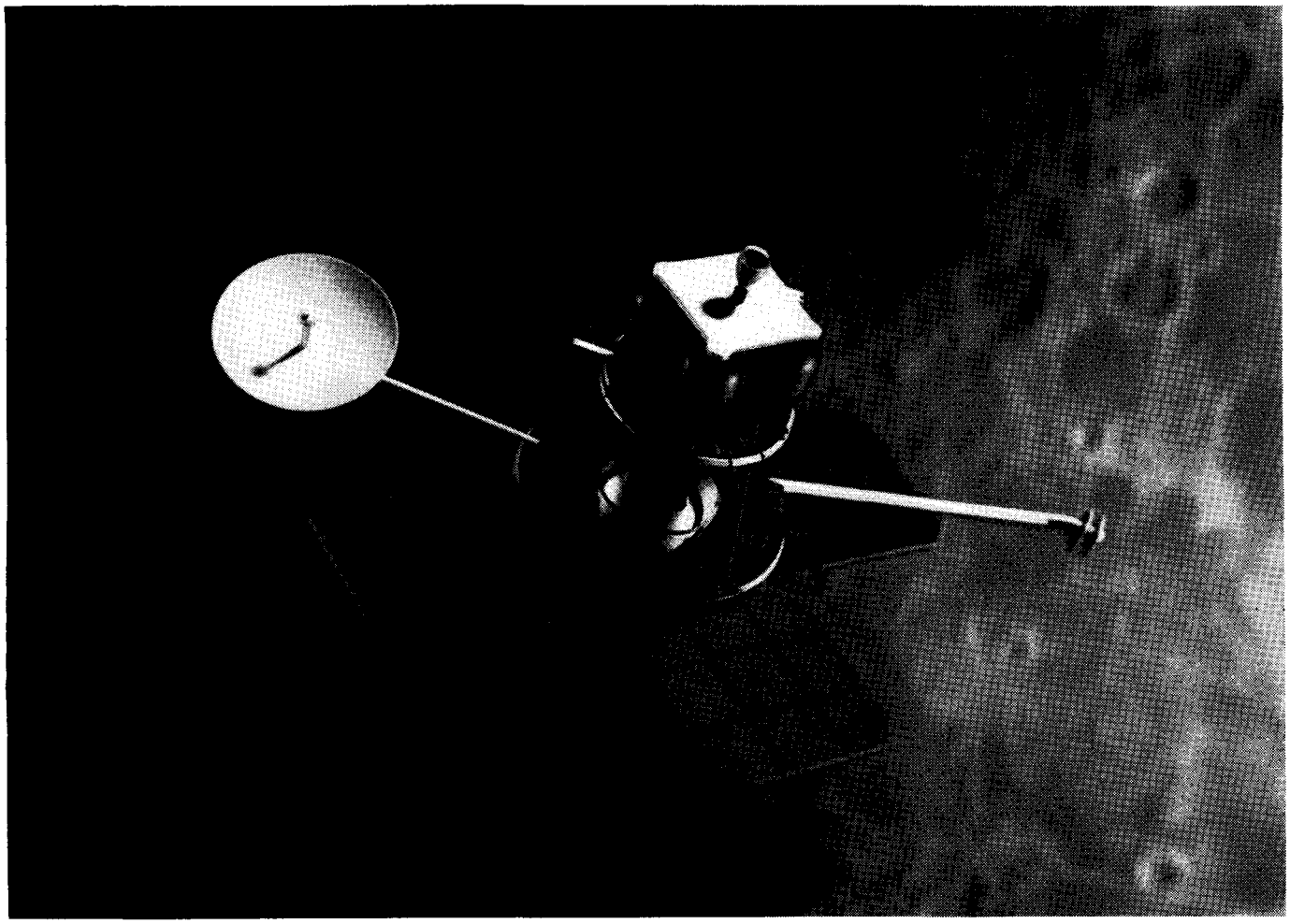
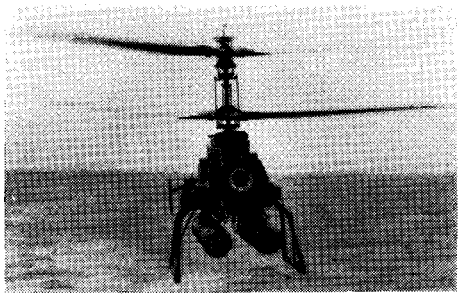


FIRST U.S. spacecraft to orbit the moon, to photograph earth from the moon and to photograph far side of moon, was NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter, shown above. Orbiter flew and maneuvered flawlessly throughout its mission. It photographed thousands of square miles along moon's equator to help NASA select level, safe landing sites for America's Apollo astronauts. In addition, Orbiter data revealed exact shape of moon and its gravitational characteristics. Astronomers report Orbiter sent back more moon information than had been learned in the past 50 years. Designed and built by Boeing for NASA, Orbiter's first flight began 28 months, 15 days after contract signing, shortest span ever for a major U.S. spacecraft.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



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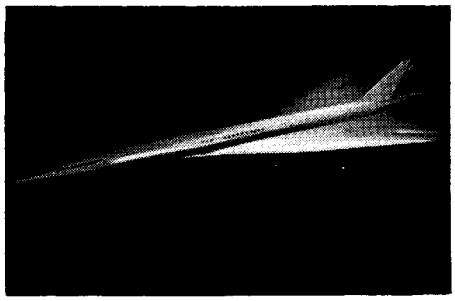

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Uncle Ezra's Legacy

It is not quite a tragedy but certainly it has gone far enough to be more than a nuisance, this feud between the President and the purveyors of information and reflection on national affairs. While a degree of reciprocal detachment is useful in the exercise of the responsibility each side has, the animosity that has been growing between the two has been harmful to everyone concerned, the national interest included. Even in the most authoritative press, the analysis of the President's utterances has been reduced to a translation of his words into what he is supposed to have meant —as if Lyndon Johnson's sayings needed to be put into plainer English. The President reacts by wishing that these middlemen, as he calls them, be forced into occupational unemployment.

He has his own notion of how this can be done: by taking to the hustings and reaching the people directly. He feels reinvigorated by the warmth of the masses surging around him, and his words are answered by roars of consent. Where is the need for brokers, radio and TV included? In Newark, on October 7, he addressed a large crowd and urged the election of a Congress at least as good, he said, as this last one, whose record is unsurpassed by all the preceding ones as "measured by laws that mean something to people—that is p-e-e-p-u-l—that is p-e-e-p-l-e—that is p-e-o-p-l-e. You know what I am talking about. I am talking about folks. I am talking about average fellows."

If it is relaxation he looks for, this perfectly suits LBJ. For him, the people, no matter how spelled, are not an abstract, legal, or moralistic figure of speech, and he himself finds he is not just a symbol of power when he is in their midst. But this can happen only once in a while, for the responsibilities crowded upon him are too many and the country too big. Moreover, he is about the last person who should complain about middlemen, for what is a politician if not a middleman, and what does the President do on the hustings if not promote his team of middlemen against their competitors?

The brokers of news and ideas are not much different from those of politics, the middlemen between the citizens' interests and institutions. The politician's license to hold an elective office is subject to periodic re-evaluation by the voters, whose mood is fickle; or else he can exert his power behind the scenes as a boss. Bossism, in our day, has acquired a particularly malodorous reputation as power accountable to nobody. There is probably more unscrupulous bossism in the world of the intelligentsia, journalism included, than in politics, and the ethics of politics is, on the whole, superior. Only at the lowest level has a politician something to gain by pricing his conscience and making it tearfully available to the highest bidder.

The intelligentsia has its own politics, which has led a large section of it to attack Johnson's Presidency with ever-increasing bitterness. It is unfortunate that the President has been unable to exert a greater restraint on his own resentment, thereby asking for more punishment from honorable men who seem to have suffered a relapse into adolescent meanness. But, it is said, the same thing happened to Lincoln and to Roosevelt and to Truman. So the litany goes, except that, in our time, the abuse heaped on the President comes from a widely diversified section of the intelligentsia and finds an easy echo in a large number of foreign lands.

Lyndon Johnson's lack of universal popularity cannot be attributed exclusively to the ill will of the domestic middlemen. This, however, is a factor of notable importance. The President and most of our professionals of political thinking and reporting seem destined to rub each other the wrong way. What is the reason? Not even the Vietnam war can explain it, for the idea of our nation's responsibility for preventing the expansion of Communism had been more or less officially recognized by the intelligentsia. Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, far from being restricted to any specific continent, were promised to the whole of the human race and greatly contributed to his popularity among intellectuals.

Since the United States came into existence, it has constantly tried to address the outside world in terms of universal principles. When it found itself a world power, concerned with what happens all over the globe, two ever-concurrent, ever-recurrent conflicting attitudes have been characteristic of America. The first is: why isn't everybody like us? Why don't people on other continents get together in more perfect unions? The second is: but every nation *is* like ours, no matter what it thinks it is. Forms of government, ideologies, etcetera, mean little or nothing. What really matters is development.

Lyndon Johnson is boundlessly dedicated to these two policies or attitudes. He wants to have them realized as soon as it is humanly possible, together with the fullest realization of the American dream at home. But these are also the inclinations of the professionals of political expression. Sometimes the difference between Johnson and his bitterest opponents can be found in the predilection for words: he likes "consensus," for instance, while the word long cherished before was "center." Johnson's program is the one of his immediate predecessors, but writ large and global. He is not overburdened by a sense of history,

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but neither is the American intelligentsia.

The reason for the conflict lies, perhaps, in the fact that he is not just supremely American. He is America, the one-man embodiment of this country, with all its immense vigor and ever-deluded ambitions—including the ambition to be universally loved.

AT A RECENT press conference, the President told the story of Uncle Ezra, who preferred good drinks to good hearing. The President, too, does not mind having his eardrums endangered by tumultuous applause. But Uncle Ezra was not President of the United States. The President needs a superior hearing to appreciate what is said or whispered around him. After the tenure of office allowed him by the people's confidence and by the Constitution, he can run the risk of deafness if he so pleases—but not before.

As to the anti-Johnson intellectuals, they, too, could be somewhat more restrained. Lyndon Johnson is America, but even his most venomous opponents cannot consider him as the prospective founder of a dynasty.

—MAX ASCOLI

Ten Years Later

October 23 of this year marked the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of the Hungarians' revolution. In their long history of tragic mistakes, this was the most tragic and the most mistaken. The Hungarians based their revolutionary demands on the Charter of the United Nations—especially on the section concerning human rights—assuming that the United Nations was a kind of international ideological extension of the United States of America. But the chief Hungarian demand was the simplest: "*Oroszok haza*" ("Russians go home"). This the Hungarians achieved not for themselves but, in effect, for their traditional enemy-neighbor, Romania. The Hungarian revolution provided the Romanians with an unprecedented opportunity to demonstrate their loyalty to the Soviet Union—by sending Hungarian-speaking goon squads to Budapest and the provinces to reinforce the decimated and demoralized Hungarian Security Service, and in playing jailer to Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter and other Hungarian leaders before their execution.

In two years' time the Romanians reaped the all-important reward for services rendered—the withdrawal of the Red Army from Romanian soil—and were thus enabled to pursue an unrestricted nationalist course within their own country. But, although the Hungarians wrung a number of material concessions from the Soviets (most of them in the form of large ruble loans which are now falling due) and some alleviation in travel restrictions, the over-all domestic effect of the revolution was and remains negligible. In terms of international effect, however, it is a different story: the Hungarian revolution proved to be the turning point in the course of Communism in Europe. In that glorious and dreadful October ten years ago, the Hungarians destroyed the myth of "genuine proletarian internationalism" and inadvertently broke into the era of national Communism—at their own expense and to Romania's continuing advantage.

In this sense the Hungarians can be said to have paved the way for polycentrism in the Communist world. They also destroyed the mythical American "policy of liberation" and exposed it as a policy of declamation woefully misplaced, misinterpreted, and misused but not misconceived. In fact, it was taken over by the Communists, distorted, provided with adequate means, and given the name of wars of national liberation. It was here that the Hungarian revolution precipitated the most profound change: the shift of initiative to the Communists.

Duck Soup

In this silly season of state elections the more profound matters of hawks and doves may not be as important to the electorate as, say, ducks. Or so it seemed in Minnesota, where the Republican candidate for governor, a political neophyte named Harold LeVander, attempted to improve on the state's hoary tradition of photographing candidates on the first day of duck season with the maximum allowable bag of four birds.

In the rush to beat his opponent, Governor Karl Rolvaag, to the public prints, LeVander sent the papers a photo and story the day before duck season opened, to be released at seven o'clock the following night. "LeVander Bags Opening Day Limit," the headline read, and the story told how the candidate had "opened the duck-hunting season Saturday noon eleven miles north of Detroit Lakes, Minn." The photograph showed an appropriately attired LeVander, and at his feet lay a single (apparently) dead duck.

The condition of that duck has become a source of some concern, since Rolvaag loyalists pointed out that the photo reached Minnesota newspapers a day before the season legally opened. Was it—as some were quick to surmise—a quack photo? Or had the candidate, who is running on an "integrity" ticket, violated the state game laws? The somewhat Delphic answer of the LeVanderites was that the caption said only that the duck had been "bagged"—as distinct, presumably, from killed. The Rolvaagites were undeterred. "Is this the way to teach kids good sportsmanship?" an ad demanded.

In what appears to have been a countermove, LeVander attempted not only to duck the issue but to recoup his losses with the good people of his state. Shortly after the hunting fracas made the papers, LeVander apparently recounted to a reporter a story about how his daughter had been puzzled by some mumblings she had heard in his room. LeVander had explained them to her as follows: "You folks may have made me get new suits, wear colored shirts and stop smoking my cigars because of politics, but you aren't going to make me stop saying my prayers in Swedish."

As we see it, the statement has great possibilities for bringing God, the Swedish language, and eventually even the excesses of the Supreme Court into the campaign. But it wasn't dreamed up by LeVander until late October. Like his whole career in politics, it may well prove too little too late.

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Television is kid stuff.

Kids always have lots to look forward to on television. Just take November.

There's a concert for young people conducted by Leonard Bernstein. A look at the many different and fascinating types of "man's best friend." A song-filled "Alice Through the Looking Glass." A musical based on "The Canterville Ghost" by Oscar Wilde. And Red Skelton's comic history: "Clown Alley."

Kid stuff? Yes. But it's the kind you will also find absorbing and entertaining.

And you might invite the kids to see more serious programs, such as a search for man's ancestors. "The Legacy of Rome." The 1966 campaigns and elections. Politics in other countries. The prevention of another Pearl Harbor.

That's what's so marvelous about television. All the stuff is there, for everyone.

The Canterville Ghost
Sir Michael Redgrave in a musical version of Oscar Wilde's satirical fable.
Wednesday, Nov. 2 (10-11 P.M.)

Dr. Leakey and The Dawn of Man
National Geographic Special on anthropologist, Dr. Louis Leakey, and his search for man's ancestors.
Saturday, Nov. 5 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

Elections '66
Preview of the races and issues.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (1-1:30 P.M.)

Campaign and the Candidates
An analysis of the races for the Senate and House of Representatives.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (3:30-4:30 P.M.)

Alice Through The Looking Glass
Musical based on Lewis Carroll's fantasy with Jimmy Durante, others.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (7:30-9 P.M.)

Campaign '66
Spotlighting what the viewer should look for in the election returns.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (10:30-11 P.M.)

Election Coverage
Tuesday, Nov. 8

Clown Alley
Red Skelton in a special which runs the gamut of jesters.
Wednesday, Nov. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

The People Trap
Stage 67: Drama set in the population-choked United States of 2067.
Wednesday, Nov. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

Barefoot in Athens
Peter Ustinov stars in a play about Socrates.
Friday, Nov. 11 (9:30-11 P.M.)

Back To Budapest
The big changes in Hungary since 1956.
Sunday, Nov. 13 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Inside Red China
Everyday life in Mao's China.
Tuesday, Nov. 22 (10-11 P.M.)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Wednesday, Nov. 23 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

Noon Wine
Jason Robards, Jr. and Olivia de Havilland star in Katherine Ann Porter's story.
Wednesday, Nov. 23 (10-11 P.M.)

The Ballad of Smokey The Bear
Animated musical on the 21-year-old symbol of forest fire prevention.
Thursday, Nov. 24 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

It's A Dog's World
A look at all types of man's best friend.
Friday, Nov. 25 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

The Legacy of Rome
The heritage of the Eternal City.
Friday, Nov. 25 (10-11 P.M.)

Pearl Harbor
Frank McGee reports on U.S. moves to prevent another Pearl Harbor.
Sunday, Nov. 27 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Randolph Churchill
A portrait of Winston Churchill's early years presented by his son.
Tuesday, Nov. 29 (10-10:30 P.M.)

The Life and Legend of Marilyn Monroe
Stage 67's film essay about the woman, the actress, the symbol.
Wednesday, Nov. 30 (10-11 P.M.)

Regularly Scheduled Programs
*Specially recommended for young viewers.

Monday Through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo*/Today/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

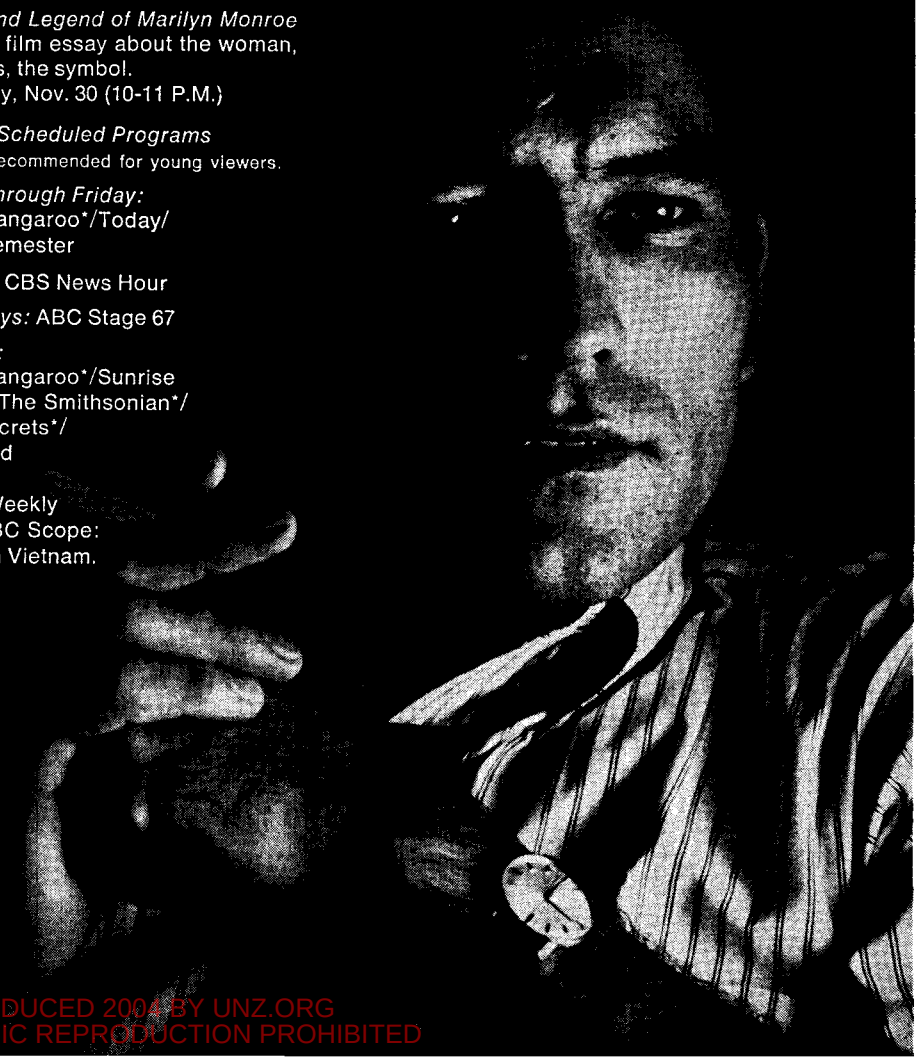
Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo*/Sunrise Semester/The Smithsonian*/ Animal Secrets*/ Wide World of Sports/ Vietnam Weekly Review/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam.

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Directions/Bullwinkle*/Camera Three/ Discovery '67*/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom*/College Bowl*/ The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*

Note: this is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (New York Time), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022



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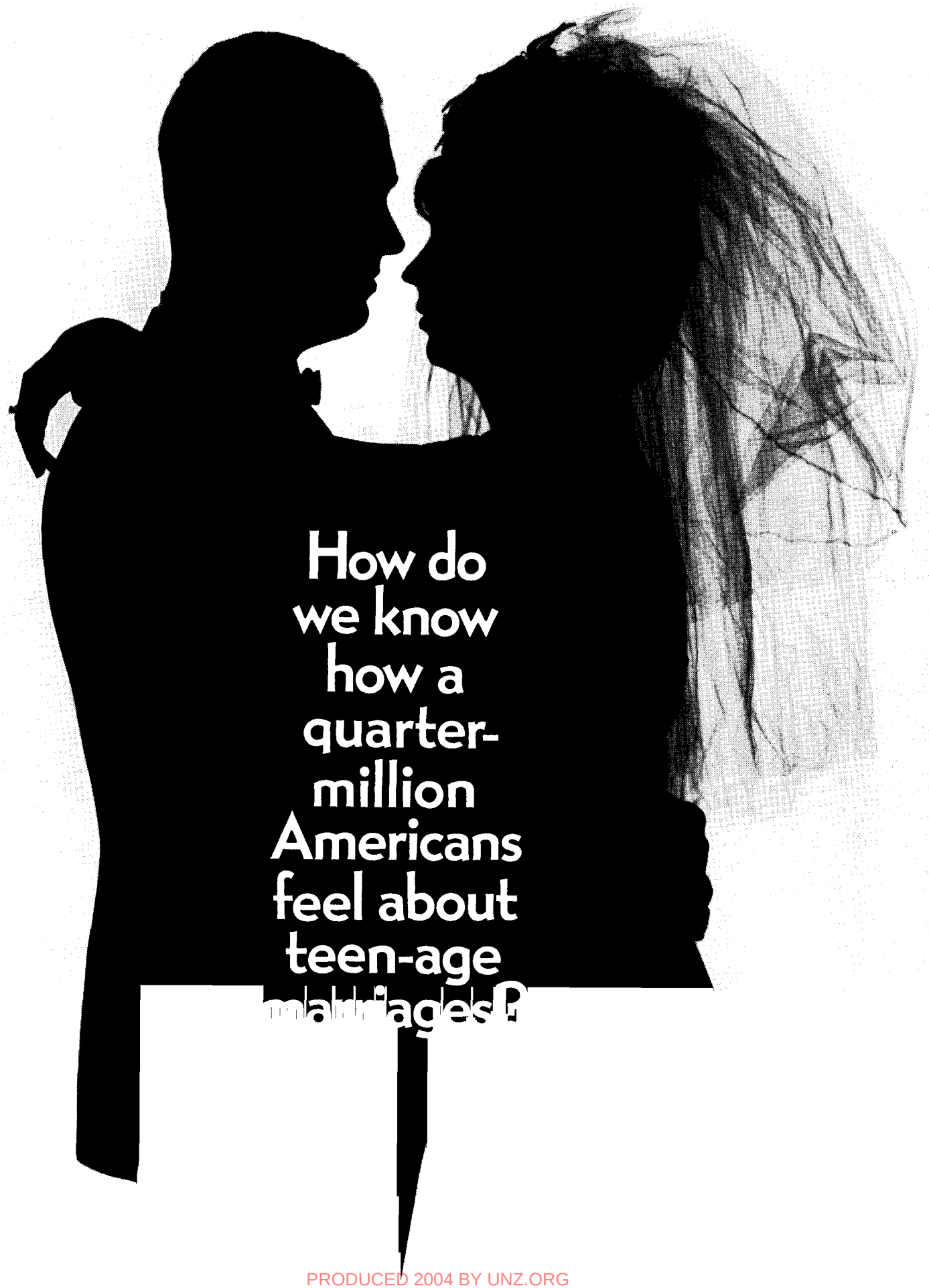

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They told us!

It was the largest poll of its kind ever conducted on a highly-explosive subject. And one of the most dramatic demonstrations of the true meaning of two-way communication ever achieved by a mass medium.

On a recent Tuesday evening, the five CBS Owned television stations presented *"Feedback: Marriage—A Game for Kids?"*—a searching look at the pros and cons of teen-age marriages, as seen mainly through the eyes of young marrieds themselves. In the concluding portion of the hour-long color program, home viewers were asked a series of sixteen questions to determine how *they* felt on the subject, to be answered via special ballots which appeared in newspapers and TV Guide on the day of the broadcast. No prizes. No premiums. Nothing was offered *but* a unique opportunity to be heard on a matter of major public concern.

The response was overwhelming. At final count, *a quarter of a million viewers* cared enough to register their opinions painstakingly and to mail their ballots to us.

Returns were analyzed and reported on a special follow-up broadcast. But one fact was apparent almost immediately: how strongly so many people feel about what they see on the CBS Owned television stations. It is this deep sense of *active involvement* that, year-in and year-out, makes such a vital difference to our audiences, to our advertisers, and to us.

CBS Owned WCBS-TV New York, KNXT Los Angeles, WBBM-TV Chicago, WCAU-TV Philadelphia and KMOX-TV St. Louis. **CBS Television Stations**

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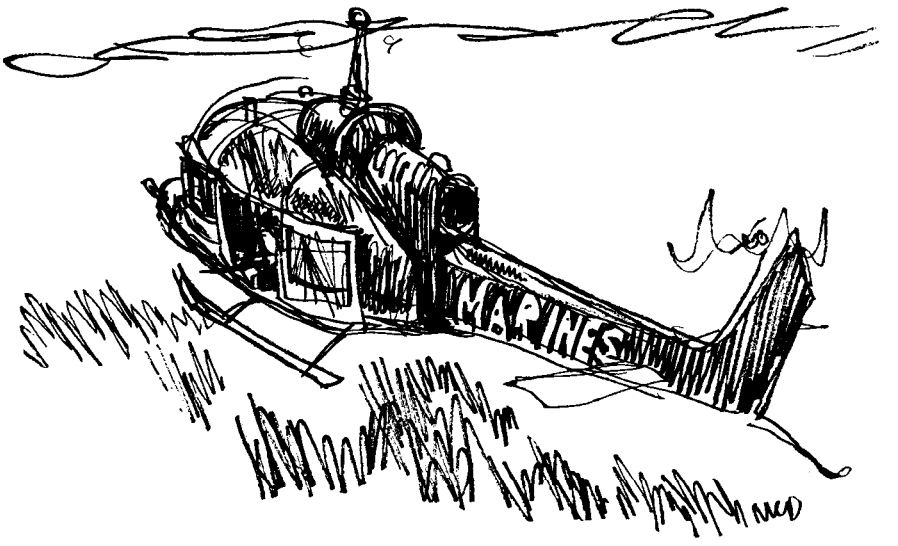

Vietnam in Perspective

RICHARD C. HOTTELET

THE UNTIDY, ferocious war in Vietnam sets ambushes for reason as well as for men. Analysis usually starts with the premise that the military, political, and economic aspects of the war are inseparable, which is certainly true. It then often moves on to the thesis that the allies are winning militarily but not winning, possibly even losing, politically, which is contradictory in logic and not supported by the facts as I found them during a recent reporting assignment from the 17th parallel to the Mekong Delta. Things are not only going well on the military front but are also improving politically and are better on both counts than anyone might have imagined a year ago. There is every reason to think that the immense investment of energy, matériel, and blood in South Vietnam has begun to pay off and to expect increasing dividends in stability over the next twelve months.

The central factor in this new picture is power. The cocktail-party philosophers who declare that "there is no military solution" and speak of a struggle "for the hearts and minds of men" cover only a small corner of the truth. The idea of military solutions for political problems went out with the Second World War and no one in Vietnam thinks in these terms. But military success—seizing and exploiting the initiative, harrying and punishing the enemy—is an indispensable condition of political success. With security, everything is possible. Without security, nothing is possible.

IN VIETNAM, the war seems much less ideological than it does abroad. The average person wants simply to live in peace and is by no means eager to accept the Vietcong. In fact, large elements of the population—refugees from the North, members of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects, Roman Catholics, and mountain people—repudiate the Communists. The Vietcong have maintained their hold over broad areas, not in the name of Marx or Ho Chi Minh but in the guise of patriots and reformers fighting foreign domination and corruption. Their discipline has been strict and punishment ruthless, and when they have been in effective control —in some areas for twenty years— they have been accepted as the government. Now this control is being challenged and progressively broken by military force, and there is no sign that the average man shows any great regret. He is not rallying to preserve the Vietcong nor is he reluctant to accept the protection of Saigon. He asks only that it be real protection and that it bring the realistic hope of a decent life. What is decisive here is a change in the emotional climate—a growing resistance to Communist influence as confidence grows that the Communists will not prevail.

People who expect to see improvement expressed in neat statistics or charted on maps in the shape of expanding "secure areas" have hold of the wrong war. Figures in Viet-

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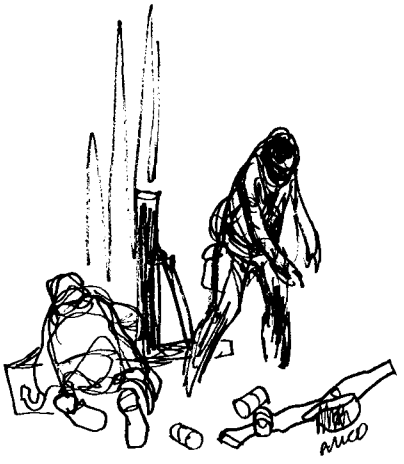
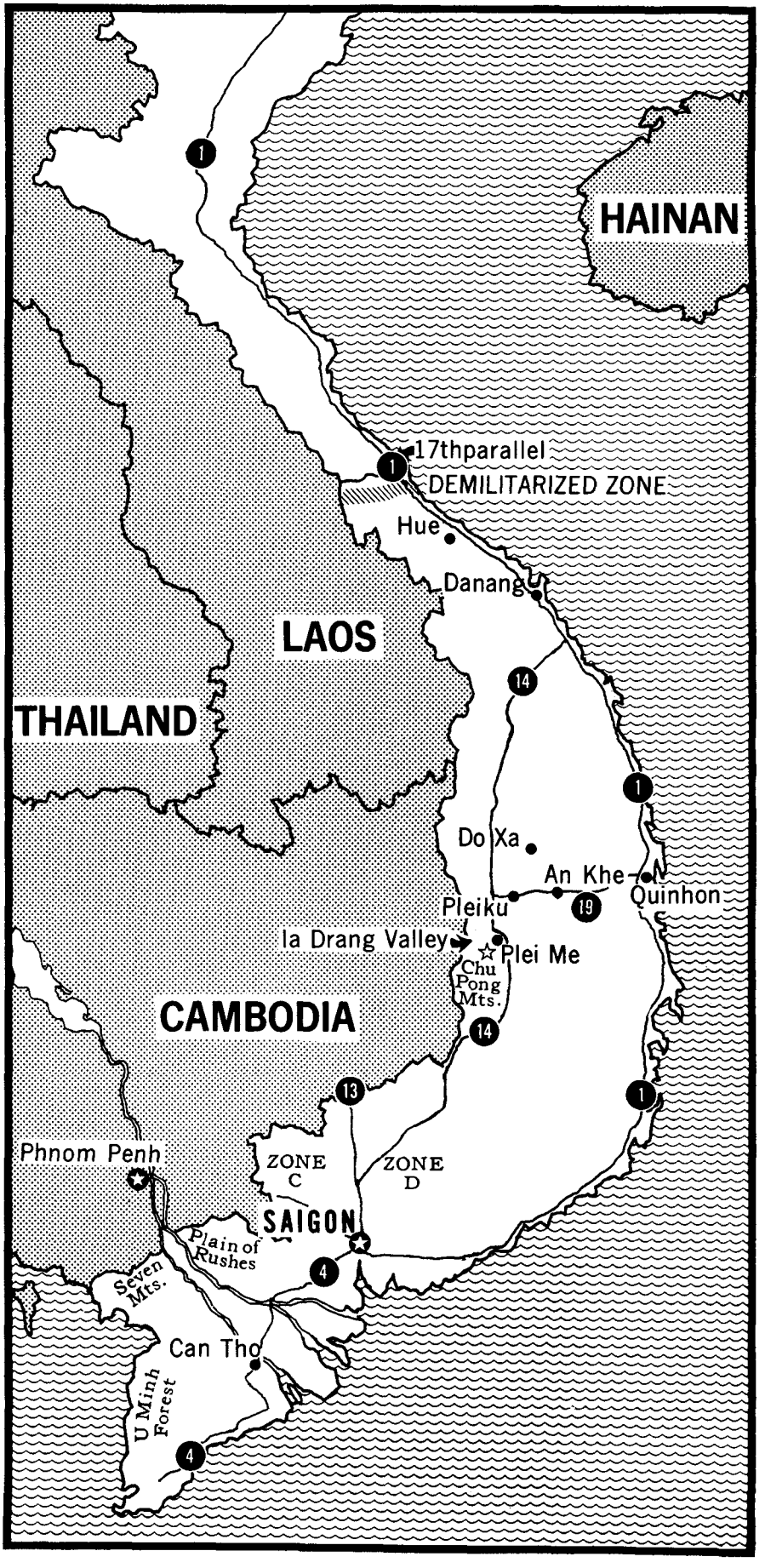
nam are seldom precise, and even where the estimates seem to be reasonably accurate, as in the case of military casualties, they are open to differing interpretations. Enemy dead and defections, for instance, apparently running at the rate of well over sixty thousand a year, may be regarded as a drain of manpower that the other side cannot sustain indefinitely. On the other hand, equally authoritative estimates of a continuing buildup of Vietcong and North Vietnamese troop strength in the South may be taken as an indication that the military struggle is a labor of Sisyphus.

As for the "measle maps," with their blotches labeled "safe," "contested," and "Vietcong territory,"



they seek to put into static, two-dimensional terms a moving, three-dimensional situation. There is literally no such thing as a safe area in all of Vietnam for either side. The urchin who drops a nightclub handbill through the open window of your car as it slows down in Saigon traffic might just as easily have deposited a hand grenade. You drive south out of Can Tho in the Mekong Delta along the Ba Se road, now "pretty secure" after a great deal of effort, and pass a minesweeping team on a routine check; you hear later that they found two Chinese mines in your tracks half an hour after you had passed. You go on night patrol with the new Police Field Forces on the outskirts of Saigon just off the Bien Hoa road with the city's lights turning the black sky a washed-out gray, and the commander tells you that a Vietcong battalion rules the countryside a



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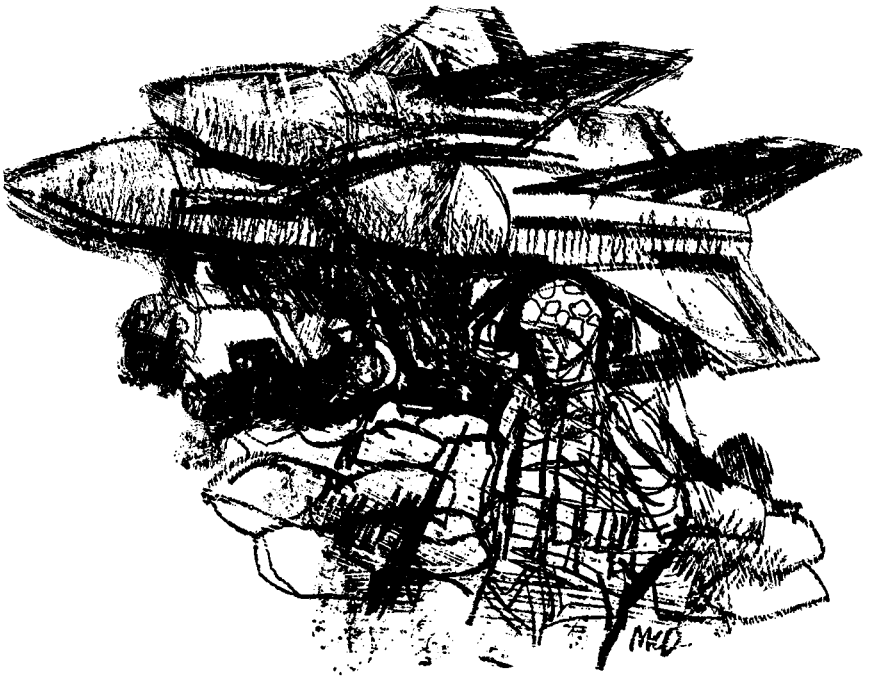
mile away and ventures over frequently.

The bomb, the mine, the raid are dangers anywhere. But, as examples of the general insecurity, they can be matched on the other side by allied forays into enemy strongholds —the uncovering of prisoner-of-war camps, hospitals, factories, underground tunnel systems, and supply dumps—where Communist forces had been safe for twenty years. The equation is incomplete, however, because it excludes the decisive factor, the dramatic superiority of allied



strength and the consequences that flow from it.

Allied forces have seized and are exercising the strategic initiative in South Vietnam. For many months most of the fighting has been on our terms as we have sought out hostile positions or moved against enemy concentrations. In all of 1966 the enemy has not been able to press one meaningful military operation. Probing actions against outlying camps and attacks on village outposts, together with daring hit-and-run raids on base installations, have characterized Vietcong tactics all this year. Only twice so far have they ventured into the field in strength and with more than a purely local objective. In August, much of the North Vietnamese 630th Division moved from its sanctuary in Cambodia into the Ia Drang Valley under cover of torrential rain that handicapped the helicopters of the U.S. 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division. It committed elements of four regiments in an attempt to cut the strategic Highway 19, which runs across the waist of South Vietnam, and to re-establish a base in the Central Highlands from which it might operate eastward to the sea. The effort ended in dismal failure. The 1st Cavalry swept the enemy out of the Ia Drang Valley and went on to clean out the Chu Pong Mountains, the redoubtable backdrop for the bloody fighting of the preceding fall. That was the end of the closest thing to a monsoon offensive the enemy has attempted in 1966—at least as far as the May-to-October southwest monsoon is concerned.

But another monsoon blows out of the northeast from November to April to soak the northern section of the coast and the country behind it. Here, where the Ben Hai River traces the middle of a demilitarized strip six miles wide between North and South Vietnam, Hanoi seems to be mounting another major effort. In that sector there is no need of the long, exhausting, and limited supply line of the Ho Chi Minh trail. Troops and equipment of the North Vietnamese 324B Division were sent across the demilitarized zone in July to "prepare the battlefield," laying down stores of supplies, rice, and ammunition. The enemy may have dreamed of hooking south and east to the coast, cutting off a chunk of South Vietnamese territory, perhaps even lunging down far enough to encompass the city of Hué, where the Buddhist demonstrations of last spring may have given some hope of political support. U.S. Marines stopped the 324B Division in its tracks with powerful air bombardment. When it re-formed in September and started to ooze south again through the mountainous jungle, it was badly hit once more. More Marines were brought up against the zone in October and the pressure of bombardment increased.

Doubtless the enemy will attack again, but in the absence of direct intervention by Peking or Moscow, or some radical—and at present unlikely—change in Communist weaponry that would counter allied air power, a renewed Vietcong-North Vietnamese offensive would almost certainly run head-on into crushing superiority.

Open Skies, Blocked Roads

Allied forces own the air over South Vietnam to a degree that seems phenomenal to veterans of other wars. Transports, bombers, and spotters move at will without thought of air cover. Helicopter fleets vulnerable only to ground fire move troops and supplies or rake targets with rockets, cannon, and machine guns. The helicopter is the decisive new weapon in guerrilla warfare, and from its performance flow profound implications for the whole Mao-Giap-Guevara doctrine of "people's war." No longer need the counterguerrilla force maintain a numerical superiority of ten or fifteen to one to offset the elusiveness and flexibility of the adversary. The helicopter's mobility sets up a new equation of man-days or unit-days in action. No longer is the countryside a haven where guerrillas may rest, equip, and maneuver before striking. Today the enemy can move with some measure of safety from air observation and airborne attack only at night, in the jungle, or in bad weather. He is harassed by troops who are flown fresh into battle and are backed with staggering

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firepower. Air power provides a morale advantage as well. The allied soldiers know that if they should be wounded they may be airlifted to safety in a matter of minutes; they do not have to worry about camouflage or blackout; and when they hear a noise in the air, they needn't bother to look up.

The emphasis on air power and mobility in part reflects a thoroughly unsatisfactory state of ground transportation, which remains risky or inadequate over broad stretches of country. In many cases a road is considered unsafe for anything but a military force because the Communists may, and occasionally do, ambush or mine it. In other cases —such as Highway 13 leading north from Saigon between the enemy Zones C and D to the Cambodian border—it is unsafe for any but an armored force because the enemy will certainly hit anything that moves. The main coastal Highway 1 is impassable in stretches. Highway 4, the main artery to the Delta, is uncertain at best. At the same time, these roads are not at the enemy's disposal. And some of his other main forms of transportation and supply are being choked off—by the tighter net thrown out for coastal shipping, by the U.S. Navy's patrol boats operating now the entire length of the Mekong and Bassac Rivers in the Delta, and by the Vietnamese River Assault Groups that probe deeper and deeper into the Delta's 1,800 miles of navigable canals. But what is important is that more and more of the thin network of major roads is available now for regular use by the allies. American authorities in Saigon say that twenty per cent more highway was open in the summer of 1966 than a year ago. And the improvement is more important than the statistics would imply.

A year ago, the Communists completely controlled Highway 19, which runs from Quinhon on the coast westward through An Khe and Pleiku to Cambodia. This is no ordinary road. It is the lateral axis of the strategic Central Highlands, indispensable to military control. It was the graveyard of the famous French Groupe Mobile 100, which sought to move westward in 1954. And as late as November, 1965, it was meant to be the axis of the Communist sweep from the Highlands to the sea to cut South Vietnam in half. When the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division flew inland to break the siege of the Plei Me Special Forces camp, everything it needed had to go by air, including, as one general pointed out, the asphalt for airstrips. Today the road is open and in constant use along its entire length, with trucks carrying up to a thousand tons of supplies daily, and the military commander's main concern is that the road itself is wearing out. A big problem today is to find enough engineers to maintain the highways and the stretches of railroad that mile by mile are being restored to allied use.

No assessment of how things stand now can rest with the flat description of how they look. The measure of hope and opportunity lies in a deeper perspective. Today's campaign is part of a war that has been going on for more than twenty years, with the Communists winning for almost all that time. Their disciplined organization took over the struggle against the French in 1945, outmaneuvering, betraying, or liquidating the non-Communist nationalists. They then led the patriotic war of national liberation to victory on the battlefield. By 1954 the French were beaten. The countryside had been taken from them years before, leaving them with the populated centers, the main roads, and little more.

After the French, President Ngo Dinh Diem was able to assert his influence, temporarily and to a degree, for two main reasons: he was an authentic national leader, and Ho Chi Minh, possibly expecting the South to disintegrate, occupied himself with the brutal consolidation of his power in the North. By 1957 Ho had finished the latter task but was losing hope for the former. The Vietminh cadres left in the South began the campaign of murder and terror that characterized the next few years. Diem was never really in control of the countryside either, and when the Communists began seriously to contest his authority he was never able to assert it. In the course of the struggle he lost contact with popular sentiment, and soon after the Communists resumed the war in earnest in the spring of 1961 he was in serious trouble.

The military coups and palace upheavals that followed Diem's downfall in 1963 compounded the confusion. By the winter of 1964, it was obvious that South Vietnam could not be held without direct U.S. military intervention—if then. For the forces of South Vietnam, 1965 was downhill all the way. The Vietcong gained in boldness and

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strength. Under expert guidance from the North, they ranged across the land at will—expanding and coordinating their tactical operations, moving toward General Vo Nguyen Giap's Phase III of conventional warfare with large units. The army of South Vietnam, ambushed and attacked at every turn, with no political rallying point and uncertain about the nature of the American commitment, lost heart. Autumn of 1965 marked the nadir.

It may be that the battle that began at Plei Me a year ago was the turning point, and the U.S. decision to leave the coast, to commit its men in the Central Highlands in one daring leap, and to start wresting the country from the guerrillas was the qualitative step. It brought what many think is the decisive assistance of military power and strategic ability to the weak and wobbling Vietnamese.

However, the turning point brought not victory but only a new lease on life to fight an uphill battle against an enemy that had dominated the scene for a generation. There were large areas in South Vietnam that neither the French nor Saigon government troops had ever really penetrated: the Do Xa, northwest of An Khe; Zones C and D, north of Saigon; the Plain of Rushes; the Seven Mountains and the U Minh Forest, together with large strips of coastal swamp in the Delta. These and other territories, stretching over provinces, were strongholds —supply depots, command posts, training areas, and rest centers— from which the enemy moved out to control much broader reaches of land with millions of people under his effective administration. It is this political-military structure that the allies are now dismantling piece by piece.

The Proof

Military success has its limits, especially in a war like the present one, which is being fought deliberately—and for good reason—with limited means for limited objectives. But the success has its reality too. You see it in the freedom and scope of allied military operations. You see it driving out of Can Tho, where your companion will remark as you speed past a milestone that he would not have ventured past that point with less than a battalion of troops four months before. You see it in the work of men like Calvin Mehlert, the U.S. Aid Mission representative in An Giang Province, who takes you to a farmers' celebration in the hamlet of Ap Lan Thanh 2, where the success of the first crop of palmetto soybeans brought in by

experts from Taiwan points the way to a new prosperity. You even see it in the Plain of Rushes, where the Vietcong still control most of the terrain. Last winter a fourteen-man U.S. Special Forces team led a Vietnamese contingent into the shattered remains of Kien Quang 2 hamlet on the banks of the La Grange Canal. Seventy terrified families hung on there because they had nowhere else to go. By August it was a clean, thriving community double in size as people moved in to enjoy its protection—and when the Vietcong suddenly moved loudspeakers within earshot telling them to evacuate under threat of attack, the villagers shrugged their shoulders and stayed.

General Vinh Loc, commander of II Corps, which covers the Central Highlands, tells you that Vietcong assassinations in hamlets are running only one-third or one-fifth of last year. His troops are getting better intelligence from the people about enemy movements and he feels the situation is the brightest it has been for many years. The Montagnard people, partly in open rebellion last December, are back in the fold. The Marines tell you proudly of the thirty-six-mile road they have built from Danang to South Vietnam's only coal mine and the little factories growing up around it. You drive into "ROK Valley" north of Quinhon where the Republic of Korea's Tiger Division holds the ground and you feel you are in the Napa Valley of California. A senior American adviser recalls that six months earlier his Vietnamese commanders would consult horoscopes and postpone operations that were scheduled for the thirteenth of a month or a time that was inauspicious for some other reason. No longer.

THESE ARE NOT just isolated instances. They reflect a patchy but broad improvement in the climate of security that is also visible in more general terms. The election of the Constituent Assembly on September 11 is the most important such example. The willingness of eighty per cent of the registered voters to cast ballots in the face of Communist threats and physical terror, with radical Buddhist leaders joining in the call for a boycott, is particularly meaningful. Even in Hué and Danang, where Buddhist opposition is still strong, something like ten per cent blank or invalid ballots were cast—presumably to show opposition to Saigon without any sympathy for the Vietcong. And purely as a feat of organization, the campaign to get out the vote and the mechanics of fair balloting were something that Saigon could not possibly have accomplished a year before. The election revealed the inclination of the people to associate themselves with the present system, even at some risk, in their desire for democratic progress. Just as, in grimmer fashion, it may be said that the million or so refugees who have crowded into the coastal cities during the past year chose not to seek refuge, even where they could, in the hands of the Vietcong.

The election of the Constituent Assembly marks a new phase in a trend toward political stability that coincides with and may be largely due to the tide of military success. The radical Buddhists under Tri Quang, whose strength seemed so formidable last spring, today are effectively divided. Even if, as some expert observers point out, they retain an organized following in the central provinces, they are no longer

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the only cohesive party, able to expand in a vacuum, but are at most only one of several factors in a much more balanced equation. The military Directorate, headed by General Nguyen Van Thieu and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, has now been in power longer than any of its predecessors after Diem. It has internal problems that are a constant source of worry to its leaders and to its friends. But it appears that whatever distrust and friction there is within the régime, the generals came too close to the brink when they fell out last spring not to have learned a lesson. They can succeed only if the country succeeds.

MUCH DEPENDS on how the generals behave toward the Constituent Assembly and on how that body does its work. Having overcome the temptation to stack it with a blocking third of military candidates, the government now finds itself bound by a legal process. The deputies, for their part, must rise to the need for a realistic, balanced, democratic constitution if the whole idea of building democracy in Vietnam is not to be discredited. The next six months of their tenure will show their mettle. But it is possible to say that the Assembly will provide a forum for a new generation of anti-Communist, democratic nationalists. A man like Dr. Dang Van Sung, publisher of the most influential daily newspaper in Saigon, *Chinh Luan*, campaigned with the slogan "If you don't want a rubber-stamp Assembly, vote List 6." He has a Vietcong price on his head and is also a forthright critic of the present régime. The Communists murdered his assistant editor last winter and he went electioneering with a loaded revolver in his briefcase. He is not a fair-weather deputy but a man who feels deeply that political life in his country must break away from the past with its regional and religious factionalism, its petty maneuvering and corruption, and make a new start on a national basis. He seeks a farmer-labor, city-country coalition for a constitution that will provide strong government with safeguards against dictatorship. Others feel the same way and make it quite possible that the Assembly will crystallize political thinking on a popular base for the first time in the history of Vietnam. The establishment in Saigon of a political leadership responsive to the people's will would be the essence of political success.

Nothing reveals the artificial position of the Communists more clearly than the dilemma posed by the September election. They couldn't beat it and they couldn't join it. The Vietcong-North Vietnamese leadership knew that a successful election would both demonstrate the weakness of its hold on

the population and at the same time weaken it further. It was forced into a decision that runs against all good guerrilla strategy: it declared war on the people in order to sabotage the voting. And it had to do so in the knowledge that the terror campaign would fail because, with military superiority swinging to the other side, the Communists could not supply the military force needed to make it effective.

Morale North and South

There are other reasons to believe that the Communists are having trouble with the people and in their ranks. To make up their losses they have had to resort more to forcible recruitment, which means kidnapping and taking boys of fourteen and fifteen in the Delta. And, where in the old days a man drafted in the Delta by the Vietcong remained in the Delta and even in his village, he may now find himself sent far afield, including to the Central Highlands, which the lowlander hates as strange malaria country. The Vietcong have had to raise their taxes up to fifty per cent and have started to issue "war bonds" that villages must buy.

In the northerly provinces, more and more North Vietnamese units and soldiers have been infiltrated to join the Vietcong and there is friction between the two groups. In one engagement with the U.S. 1st Division, it was found that the Vietcong had simply run off under heavy fire, letting the northerners get lost on the completely unfamiliar ground. The number of Vietcong defectors is up sharply this year over last, and information from various parts of the country is that the guerrillas are finding it more difficult to impress the bearers they need to move their supplies. Some of the peasant families who have played it safe by having one son with the government forces and one with the guerrillas are now reportedly calling back the son with the Vietcong. There are stories of mothers going into the enemy camp to give their sons government safe-conduct leaflets. And hard-core Vietcong with years of seniority have turned themselves in, explaining that they are tired of running.

The morale of the North Vietnamese, now the backbone of the Vietcong main force everywhere but in the Delta, is by no means uniformly high either. Many are draftees, sent south with only a few months of training. Far from being sullen and unco-operative when captured, they generally tell all they know. I saw men captured in the Ia Drang Valley in August go into the woods with a bullhorn to call out to their friends to come over. They also record tapes for airborne loudspeakers and write the texts of leaflets to be scattered over their old unit's positions. While the performance of the North Vietnamese in battle is generally good, there are some interesting exceptions. In July, U.S. forces captured a battle plan after one action that made it possible to compare what the enemy had done with what he had been sup-

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posed to do. It was found that he had only gone through the motions. Instead of attacking a hamlet, as ordered, he fired only a few shots and sent a patrol or two to reconnoiter.

THE Army of South Vietnam leaves much to be desired as a fighting force. Its desertion rate is still high —although this is seldom desertion to the enemy but rather going home or getting a better job in town or moving to another military unit that seems more congenial. Relations with the population have not been good. People in the past had good reason to hide their food, money, and daughters, especially when one of the elite ranger or paratroop units came into a village. And the quality of leadership has been substandard, largely because officers were chosen more for their education than for their military ability. But serious efforts have now been made to remedy these shortcomings. Expansion of the Vietnamese forces was halted in the summer to allow concentration on improving what was there. The first battlefield commissions were awarded to men who had more practical ability than theoretical training. Pay has been raised and the system of leaves improved.

Nothing improves an army like winning. The South Vietnamese now feel themselves part of a winning team, and U.S. advisers say that they show it in more and better operations. Americans in a position to make the comparison say that the Koreans, who are now valued as splendid fighters, were in worse shape at this stage in their war than the Vietnamese are today.

The remarkable morale story in Vietnam, however, is that of the American soldier. His commanders —and foreign observers too—praise him as tough, resourceful, intelligent, and courageous. His morale can be explained in terms of the superiority of U.S. power. Chaplain Thomas McGrath of the 1st Cavalry points out that there are far fewer cases of combat fatigue than in the Second World War or Korea because there is less extended strain. The power that surrounds these men is reassuring; so is the knowledge that they are in Vietnam for twelve months and no more. But there is another important element: a decent relationship with the population. The effect of hundreds of thousands of men and billions of dollars pouring in upon the frail Vietnamese economy has its sordid side of waste and corruption. Where there is money and social upheaval, there will be crime and immorality. Where so much power is brought to bear, there are bound to be tragic mistakes and accidents taking innocent lives. All that was true in Europe and it is true in Vietnam. Yet to say that the American in Vietnam is resented or hated is simply not true.

The average G.I. is a humane person who finds both time and energy for a wide variety of good works, and his friendliness is reciprocated. As one goes through villages, waves and smiles and shouts of "Okay!" and "Hello!" come from all ages, down to those who have already acquired more English than clothing. The Vietcong in the Delta recognized this affinity and tried to distort it. U.S. sailors on river patrol out of Can Tho found that when they stopped a sampan containing a family, the mother would often try to hide inside, clutching her children in panic. At first the sailors ascribed it to the new experience, the strange

boat, and such. But as the reaction continued, they looked into it. The Vietcong had been passing the word that Americans liked children so much they would take them as pets.

A Matter of Trust

You walk along the main dirt path beside the canal in Kien Quant 2 with Captain George Marecek of Chicago, who is combination protector, provider, and den mother for its six or seven hundred people. Vietcong territory is all around, but you walk unarmed. You see the new marketplace and the fine new bridge, the expanded school on one bank and the new school on the other. A fishpond has been dug and is waiting to be stocked. The village chief joins the little procession with a clean white shirt and a cheery face. A little tailor shop has grown up around a sewing machine brought in from outside. Captain Marecek talks like a mayor—the canals must be opened so that people may move and trade freely. He has volunteered for a second tour. His wife understands, he says. It is something he must do. He was born in Prague and knows that freedom must not be lost. Smaller problems face him as well. He takes you into the new Cao Dai temple and you see that the walls behind the altars at each end are covered with Schlitz beer cans, neatly flattened into a gleaming pop art wallpaper. "Beer cans are pretty useful all around," says the captain, "but you can't just give the empties away. Five per cent of them get to the Vietcong and they make mines out of them." One thing he is not worried about is the lives of his little team, which would not be worth an empty beer can if he could not completely trust the Vietnamese soldiers and civilians in his outpost.

Major Noel Dandley of Leominster, Massachusetts, is not quite so isolated. He is the subsector adviser in An Nhon District of Binh Dinh Province, a populous, rich region on the central coast. The government is making a massive effort to secure this territory against the Communists, who want its rice and its people. Major Dandley and his half dozen experts—together with hundreds of similar teams in the borough-sized districts of South

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Vietnam—are there to help local officials in any way they can. They live the life of the district, and many of them now speak the language. The major tells a familiar story. When he got there last December, the Vietcong were all around. As late as April 29, guerrillas came in company strength to blow up the highway bridge nearby. They failed. Since then there have only been a mine or two and a couple of guerrillas. The people like peace. They are not afraid of the Vietcong, and eighty per cent of them, he would guess, have "security of mind."

It is obvious that the close mingling of United States troops with the Vietnamese could not continue if there were widespread popular hostility. Less obvious, but no less important in the long run, is the feeling that seems to be growing among Vietnamese intellectuals that U.S. intervention is not incompatible with nationalism in the present war situation.

It did not escape notice that Tri Quang, when he and his opposition Buddhist movement were riding high last spring and seemed to have a chance of gaining power, backed away from demanding the withdrawal of American troops. The Americans are not the French. They do not have the economic and colonial aims the French had in Vietnam. We are committed there in a way the French never were, with young soldiers from the towns and farms of the United States, conscripts as opposed to the professional soldiers of France and the mercenaries of the Foreign Legion. What is more, they are winning. The democratic nationalists of Vietnam know that their only hope of setting up an effective and responsible political system in the South as well as ultimate reunification with the North on a democratic basis depends on the presence of U. S. forces. The alternative is Ho Chi Minh. The National Liberation Front has not, even in the time of its greatest success, set up a government for South Vietnam. What Hanoi seems to have in mind in the event of victory is reunification under its authority, on its terms.

For the time being, Hanoi is holding to its maximum demands, apparently in the expectation that it can yet impose its will on Washington and Saigon. The North Vietnamese Army of some five hundred thousand men has sent only about fifty thousand to the south. The

remainder is intact, although larger elements may soon be committed directly across the demilitarized zone. The Vietcong may be badly tattered and harried, their operational effectiveness reduced to small units, their ranks filled out more and more with soldiers from the North, but they cannot properly be said to have been destroyed. Moreover, they continue to be sustained by their habit of victory and their organization built up over twenty years.

Hanoi also seems to believe that it can take American bombing, which, for good reason, is being carried on with great restraint. Our strategic purpose is not to destroy the enemy, but to punish him until the pain, coupled with his lack of success, suggests that he had better stop. A closed society is difficult to penetrate and a primitive economy is hard to smash, but a Communist diplomat in Hanoi may have voiced a truth when he told an acquaintance in August, "These people need a victory."

Hanoi also apparently relies on the political instability in the South. This may have seemed more compelling during the generals' feud and the Buddhist turmoil in the spring than it does today, but the argument cannot so easily be dismissed. Military success may provide the condition for political stability and growth, but it provides no guarantee. There is no tradition of political stability in Vietnam upon which the men in Saigon can draw; they are walking a tightrope in a hurricane. Even if peace were to come—perhaps especially if peace were to come—it would not be hard to unbalance the political picture. It is just possible that in twelve or eighteen or twenty-four months the Communist military threat will be so well in hand that the police could contain it. But the task of building enduring political institutions adequate to the demands of modern times is open-ended, bound to stretch over many years. Another falling out of the generals, or a coup d'état on the Latin-American model against emerging democracy, might find Hanoi poised to take advantage of the opening without delay.

Hanoi's final hope is that the United States will not be able to stand the strain of what is without doubt the most difficult war this country has ever fought. America has waged war with limited objectives before, but never (including Korea) with such clear-cut and voluntary limitation of its power. In consequence, it is Hanoi, not Washington, that can end hostilities by simply calling quits. Hanoi need not fear the loss of its territory or the overthrow of its régime, while a false peace concluded by the United States would, at this stage of the game, threaten the existence of South Vietnam and undermine resistance to Communist expansion in Southeast Asia. Washington also bears the burden of traditional American self-doubt amplified by a worldwide propaganda campaign. The cause on its banners today is not the easily defined and generally accepted objective of earlier wars.

Vietnam is indeed an untidy, savage phenomenon; a major test on the road of world responsibility that began at Pearl Harbor. Once America's endurance and self-restraint are understood by all concerned, the struggle toward the difficult peace and beyond may seem more endurable.

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President Marcos And the Huk Resurgence

DENIS WARNER

MANILA

A MILLION PEOPLE lined the streets of Manila and ticker tape showered on the car carrying President Ferdinand Marcos as he drove from the airport to the Malacañang Palace at the end of his visit to the United States and Japan. It was the sort of reception that Marcos, who became famous as the leader of a guerrilla force against the Japanese, might have received as a war hero twenty years ago. For a Philippine political leader it was unprecedented, for this is a land more noted for the extravagance of its political criticism than for giving credit where it is due.

At times the President's highly sensitive countrymen had seemed to fear that his visit to the United States might turn out to be less than successful. The newspapers invented a slight, for instance, when Marcos, at his own expressed wish, slipped unobtrusively into Washington. Later, Senator J. William Fulbright struck another discord in the Philippine-U.S. relationship with his remark that Marcos had been "well paid" for his support of President Johnson. In the mood of the moment, however, slights and sneers were forgotten. Marcos had not only brought home the goods in economic aid; he had also given Filipino national pride its greatest boost since the days of Ramón Magsaysay. "Summitry is an art, and Mr. and Mrs. Marcos are there on the summit right now," said the *Examiner*, a Manila weekly. "There can be no greater 'well done' award than the warmth of the reception accorded him at the airport and along the route of the motorcade to Malacañang," echoed the *Daily Bulletin*. Political popularity is notoriously ephemeral here, but for the first time since Magsaysay's death in 1957 it seemed that the country had a real candidate for national leadership.

When Marcos announced the conference on Vietnam, there were doubts about how much the deliberations of the seven heads of state could contribute either to the quest for peace or to a more effective prosecution of the war. But Filipinos rejoiced that their initiative had won praise where they wanted it most—from fellow Asians. "What is important and noteworthy with regard to the summit talks is that, with the strong backing of the United States, Asian and Pacific countries will make a start on the giant task of solving Asian problems by Asians themselves," wrote the *Korean Herald*. With this sentiment the Thai and Malaysian press fully concurred. "Great pride should be felt at the initiatives Asians are now taking to try to remedy Asian problems themselves," said the *Naewna Daily News* of Bangkok. "Asian nations are again playing an important role in building up peace and stability in this part of the world." "There is no doubt that if the problem is left to the whims and caprices of Communist powers, Moscow, Peking, or Hanoi, the war may go on for another twenty years," wrote the Bangkok *Post*. "The proposed conference in Manila may or may not succeed in providing a solution to a problem which has baffled political observers in all different parts of the world. It may, however, mark the beginning of a new process."

These and similar comments, well reported in the Philippine newspapers, added both to the feeling of national well-being and to the impression that the fact of the summit meeting itself promised to be more important than its agenda and the clearly limited discussions which the two-day session permitted. One Asian diplomat whose country was not represented at the conference spoke for the consensus: "I think we'll appreciate that the conference in retrospect will appear of greater importance than even the participants are thinking of today," he said. He had in mind the broader aspects of regional co-operation and such developments as the emergence of South Korea as a significant member of the Asian family.

New Prestige, Old Problems

By any yardstick the conference is a notable milestone for the Philippines. With a sense of dismay, Filipinos discovered after independence in 1946 that while the Philippine Islands are in Asia, their credentials as Asians were suspect. The taunt that they were "little brown Americans" was an intolerable affront to national pride. "We came to believe that our alienation from Asia had arisen precisely from our long association with the West," said Onofre Corpuz, a distinguished political scientist who is Under Secretary of Education. "To a growing number of thoughtful Filipinos, escape from this estrangement became a problem which transcended, but strongly influenced, our foreign policy perspectives." Among these may be counted the short-lived flirtation with the left-turning Indonesia of the Sukarno-Subandrio era, the previous administration's failure to push through its commitment to send troops to South Vietnam, the "Filipino First" movement, the revival of the extreme Left, and the periodic demonstrations of anti-Americanism from which Marcos himself was not entirely free before he became President last December.

Marcos has now demonstrated that close and friendly relations with the United States are not a barrier to the role the Philippines would like to play as an Asian power but may be a base from which Asians themselves may begin to work together

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to solve their own problems. Marcos himself is convinced, for instance, that the U.S. presence in Vietnam provided the essential sense of security without which the non-Communist Indonesian leaders would have been unable to resist a Communist take-over. Similarly, sending troops to Vietnam has not isolated the Philippines from its neighbors but, on the contrary, has provided Marcos with the opportunity to play host to the Manila Conference and to become identified with the leadership of the quest for peace. This, in turn, has contributed directly to the country's enhanced prestige in Asia.

These are important achievements. However, Marcos has been in power too short a time to match them by similar advances on the home front; and whether, despite his style and the euphoria that he has created, Marcos will have enough power to bring about the long-overdue domestic changes is a question that will seriously affect not only the Philippines but also its neighbors and the United States. The hour is much later in the Philippines than many observers are prepared to admit.

AGAIN to quote Mr. Corpuz, political power in the Philippines is widely dispersed and the bases of power are fragmented. No Philippine President has ever been re-elected after a full term of four years. The two major political parties, the Liberals and the Nacionalistas, are primarily collections of individuals grouped around large and competing accumulations of wealth. Political leaders, including Marcos, have traditionally moved from one party to another. The great dilemma confronting any strong President, therefore, is to force reforms without forefeiting political support. Characteristically, as a Nacionalista Party President, Marcos has had less support from the Nacionalista-controlled Senate than he has had from the House of Representatives, where the Liberals have control.

One of Marcos's election promises was to smash graft and corruption, but these are so deeply embedded in the higher levels of Philippine society that had he made the arrests the situation warrants it is improbable that he would have been able to get a quorum in Congress. To remove the corrupt from the economy and government of the country would be to remove its backbone. Marcos's only hope of tackling the problem, it seems, is to forget the past and to concentrate on the future, and I understand that he has sent out final warnings of a become-honest-or-else nature.

Just how formidable the opposition is likely to be, however, became apparent after one congressman had denounced the majority leader in the House of Representatives and other high officials as associates of Lino Bocalan, the most notorious and one of the country's richest smugglers, who, until the scandal broke, numbered among his own escorts four constabulary troops and a retired army sergeant. Armed hoodlums, personal bodyguards of the congressmen, and police in plain clothes—but toting guns—surrounded the Congress building, all apparently ready to settle the dispute with gunfire.

Filipino society was once appropriately called an anarchy of families. As the system operates now, there is a law for the rich and another for the poor. On August 20, Marcos sent his Secretary of Justice a long list of cases against sons of influential families who remain at liberty though they are charged with, and in some cases convicted of, murder, rape, and kidnapping. "I am certain that there are many other similar cases all over the country, involving sons of prominent families, which have been suspiciously dismissed or are being held pending in court, or with the prosecuting officers, for an unreasonably long period of time," Marcos wrote. "I cannot overemphasize to you the necessity for the speedy disposition of the aforementioned cases, if only to prove to our people that under our administration equality before the law is not an empty constitutional precept in our democracy."

By such pressure Marcos may succeed in bringing some of the more blatant cases to justice. It will be years, however, before a backlog of some eighty thousand cases in the Courts of First Instance can be cleared. At the beginning of August three provinces had no judges at all, and throughout the country there were thirty-one vacancies in the Courts of First Instance.

The social and political consequences of the decline in respect for justice and law have been exacerbated by mounting unemployment. In 1965 the totally unemployed numbered 950,000, or 8.2 per cent of the labor force, and hundreds of thousands of others were underemployed. With the population growing by 3.2 per cent a year, some 400,000 new job seekers are being thrown on the labor market annually and the economy does not have enough capacity to absorb them readily. "If I were to advertise for a messenger, I'd get hundreds of applicants," a Filipino businessman commented. "Dozens would be university graduates."

The Communist Pattern Again

It is scarcely surprising that in this land of gross inequalities in wealth and opportunity the Communists have penetrated the universities, organized labor, the government, and the armed forces. Some informed Filipinos believe that the Communists intend to reverse the Maoist formula and attempt an urban revolution, using the slums of Manila and the misery of the educated unemployed as their recruiting grounds. Although the politburo is reported to have recently been re-established in Manila and Communist Hukbalahap leaders for years lived here undetected, it is not easy to evaluate this danger. On the other hand, the situation in the rice- and sugar-growing lands of central Luzon, where fifteen years ago the Huks commanded an armed force of twenty thousand men (and but for the leadership of Magsaysay might well have overthrown the government), is relatively easy to assess for anyone familiar with the subversive techniques that marked the outbreak of the Indo-China and Vietnam wars, the Malayan emergency, and the present situation in northeastern Thailand.

For several years the Philippine Army has been accused of crying wolf at harvest time (which is also the time that Congress considers the annual budgetary appropriations). This year was no exception. Once again the army reported a Huk revival, and once again its re-

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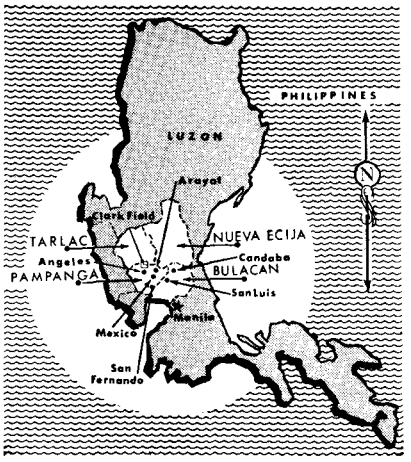
port was received with some cynicism in Manila. "If there is a revival, it's a mixture of Mafia-type activity and sheer banditry linked vaguely to the remnants, such as they are, of the old Huk organization," one western diplomat told me. The comment compares favorably with the official American view in Saigon in 1959 that the Vietcong had ceased to be a threat.

The Huk movement is, in fact, gaining redoubtable new power in central Luzon. Its recruiting grounds are a group of four provinces north of Manila: Bulacan, Nueva Ecija, Pampanga, and Tarlac. Spread through these provinces are some three million people, most of them tenant farmers, and most, even by Manila's slum standards, desperately poor. Some years ago I spent a morning in the prison cell of Luis Taruc, who led the Huk movement until he surrendered in May, 1954, to Benigno Aquino, then a newspaper reporter and now governor of Tarlac Province. Taruc attributed the peasant support the Huks had received to landlordism and spoke of the utter loyalty of the peasants to the guerrillas. He warned that unless land reform brought demonstrable improvements, the Huks would have no difficulty in rising again.

With the Huks out of sight, however, they were also out of mind. Moreover, powerful vested interests had no wish to change the status quo, and it was not until 1963 that President Diosdado Macapagal succeeded in pushing through Congress a land-reform law designed to abolish sharecropping, and to create leasehold farmers as a first step toward the peasant ownership of family-sized farms which would be supported with government technical and credit assistance.

It was one thing to enact the law and another to translate it into action. While Manila fiddled, Pedro Taruc, a nephew of the old Huk leader, rallied the peasants to his New People's Democratic Force. The undermanned police constabulary took over the control of former Huk areas. It paid little attention to subversion and, unnoticed, the new Huks began to extend their influence. Pedro Taruc's New Democracy concentrated on three main programs: to develop a mass base, to increase military capability, and to inculcate a high degree of political consciousness among the peasants. Early last year his efforts began to show results. The government became aware that municipal and barrio chapters were being formed in the villages and towns of central Luzon and that by siding with the peasants against the landlords and cattle rustlers, the Huks were beginning to expand their mass base. At the same time, there were divisions among the second echelon of Huk leaders. In an attempt to exploit this situation, an army combat team infiltrated and befriended one of the Huk groups led by a guerrilla named Alibasas. Alibasas got guns, radios, and other equipment from the army on the understanding that it would be used to destroy a larger Huk group in Pampanga led by Sumulong, whose real name is Faustino del Mundo. The plot miscarried. Alibasas was killed by his own men, and the Huks have not looked back since.



I have been reliably informed that before the presidential elections last November, the Huk forces consisted of about thirty-seven armed regulars and about two hundred cadres (key men who organize local cells), all supported by a mass base of some eight thousand. Immediately after the election the armed strength jumped to 130, the cadre force to six hundred, and the mass base to sixteen thousand.

Sumulong, who is now chief of the Huk armed forces and of its finance department, began to reorganize his forces into four distinct groups: the regulars, who are full-time operators; combat support units, consisting of tenant farmers who stay in the barrios and work as farmers by day and perform their functions as Huk operators by night; service support units, which are established in the barrios on a permanent basis to provide logistical support for the armed elements; and the mass base, which is composed of sympathizers and supporters and includes wealthy landowners, businessmen, politicians, and other fund contributors who connive for personal or political reasons and for the protection of their own business interests. Today the armed regulars total 145 known and identified men. The figure for combat support units has crept up to 150. In addition there are 816 in service support units, and the mass base has grown to 26,600. Not included in the mass base are the sympathetic tenant farmers who can aid and protect the Huks. No one I met would put a figure on it, but nearly all of eastern Pampanga, by far the strongest of the Huk areas, is under more or less effective Huk control. This includes the city of Angeles, the towns of Arayat, Candaba, Mexico, San Luis, San Simon, Apalit, and 120 barrios.

Another Vietcong?

Angeles is the main source of Huk funds. A sleazy town of bars, brothels, and nightclubs, it caters for American servicemen at the Clark Field airbase. The Huks control eighty per cent of the vice and the transport in Angeles. Every week, according to one official estimate, 35,000 pesos, or nearly $10,000, which originate in American servicemen's pay checks are flowing into the Huk coffers to finance their regular soldiers and to advance interest-free credits to the peasants.

Forty-nine known and identified cadres are at work in the town, and the mass base runs to 5,500. This is Sumulong's center of power, and such is the extent of his authority that he has been seen in the city not under the protection of his own bodyguards but that of the local police. Nine former policemen in the province are known to be members of the combat support group, which also includes some barrio chiefs and mayors.

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Not all Huk finances come from Angeles, of course. Peasants and landlords are taxed on a regular basis. Barrios are assigned a quota of one sack of rice, or its equivalent, for every harvest. Landlords must contribute as many sacks as they have tenants and make cash contributions also. Captured documents show that politicians contributed amounts ranging from 2,000 to 5,000 pesos in Pampanga during the 1965 elections. Huk rank-and-file regulars receive a wage varying from 120 to 200 pesos a month, which is an infinitely better return for services than the debt-ridden tenant farmer can ever expect from his land. The leaders get 400 to 500 pesos a month, which is about comparable with the salary of a local mayor.

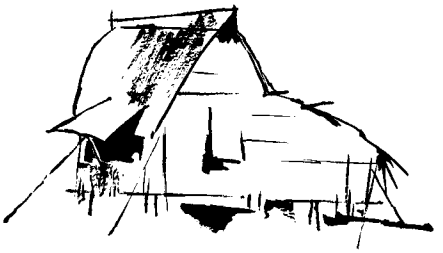
On August 12, government forces raided a Huk camp not far from San Fernando in Pampanga. They captured documents that revealed the existence of a five-year plan of recruitment and training designed to create a regular army of twenty thousand men. New recruits are being trained in Communist ideology, strategy and tactics, and organizational functions.

Like the Vietcong in 1959 and early 1960, the Huks do not hesitate to resort to terror. The tally of their assassinations and kidnappings jumped from seventeen in 1965 to seventy-one during the first eight months of 1966. Of the fifty-five killings, forty-six took place in Pampanga. The casualty lists included four mayors, seven soldiers, three policemen, one political leader, fourteen informers, twelve cattle rustlers and thieves, fifteen unco-operative civilians, and twelve former Huks. Occasionally the Huks make international headlines by such blatant acts of terrorism as the murder on July 18 of Mayor Anastasio Gallardo of Candaba and five of his bodyguards. Yet almost without exception—and this was true also in the case of Mayor Gallardo—their terrorism is designed to influence people or to win friends. Even among his colleagues in the anti-Huk Mayors' League of Pampanga, of which he was chairman, there was a feeling that Gallardo was too active against the Huks and that by arrogating to himself functions that should properly have been the responsibility of the security forces, he signed his own death warrant.

At the other end of the scale, barrios under Huk control get protection against corrupt government officials, unscrupulous landlords, and cattle rustlers, for centuries the scourge of the tenant farmers. In Huk areas today the cattle rustler is a disappearing breed. Not long ago in eastern Pampanga the decapitated body of one rustler was left standing upright in a paddy field as a warning that apparently needs no repetition.

On the other side of the province, where the Huks have failed to secure such a firm grip, Emirito de Jesus, who served as Assistant Secretary for Defense in the Macapagal administration and remains a staunch Liberal, has returned to his native town of Bacolor to take over as mayor, abandoning a lucrative appointment in industry because he feels the situation is rapidly becoming critical. "If this is not immediately checked, we will become another Vietnam," he says.

His explanation of the Huk successes is that peasant confidence in government declined after the death of Magsaysay. When he went to Bacolor he found, for instance, that a landlord-peasant dispute, which had been waiting for three years for a hearing in the civil courts, had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties by the Huks in one day. Land reform was talked about, promised, and never implemented. As the peasants saw the situation, the government was interested only in eliminating the Huks and not at all in eliminating the causes of



their own unrest. Many understandably welcomed the revival of the Huks, who alone seemed to have their interests at heart.

Impressed with the urgency of the situation, Marcos launched Operation Central Luzon in June. Its immediate intention is to implement the original Macapagal land-reform code in the critical areas of eastern Pampanga. As soon as the program was announced, the landlords who in the past had always supplied the credits on which the peasants depend for seeds and fertilizers discontinued their payments. Since alternative credits were not immediately available from government sources, the peasants' dreams of ultimate landownership turned into a nightmare of frustration. At that point, the Huk apparatus moved in and offered interest-free credits, thereby winning the movement new sympathy and support.

A congressional committee investigated Operation Central Luzon in September and reported that it was "a failure . . . a sheer waste of money." In Pampanga, however, judgment is still reserved. "The project is barely four months old, and it is still too early to say," Mayor de Jesus told me. Then he added: "The project must succeed. The leadership of the President is at stake. If he fails, there will be revolution."

All of this may seem a far cry from either the Marcos visit to the United States or the Manila Conference. But all three are, in fact, intimately related. Marcos acquired more than increased domestic stature as a result of the U. S. visit and the Manila Conference: he also received a U.S. commitment in Washington to provide approximately $45 million for a series of agricultural programs, some of which will have a direct bearing on the effectiveness of the land-reform campaign, and another $16 to $20 million to provide equipment for five engineer battalions as part of the Philippine Army's rural reconstruction program.

It is beyond question that the effectiveness of the U.S. military presence in Southeast Asia, which Marcos and all other participants in the Manila Conference believe to be fundamental to their hopes of regional security, depends on the security of the American bases in the Philippines. And, in turn, the security of the bases depends on Marcos's capacity to provide the leadership that the situation so desperately needs.

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The Next Step: Teacher Integration

PETER A. JANSSEN

IN THE OPINION of many civil-rights groups, bussing children to schools outside their neighborhoods, redrawing school districts, or pairing Negro and white schools on the Princeton Plan are proving temporary and inadequate devices for combating the racial separation of pupils that follows the segregated housing patterns of the urban North. Although such measures have sent some Negro children to white schools, they have done nothing to improve the quality of education or alter the racial character of the schools most Negro children attend. The faculties of schools in the Northern cities are now almost as segregated as the children who are enrolled. Because there aren't enough Negro teachers to go around, some white teachers —often substitutes—are assigned to Negro schools, while a few Negro teachers are placed in white schools as a token gesture toward integration. Otherwise, Negroes teach almost exclusively in Negro schools and whites in white schools.

The right of all pupils to share equally in the best teaching available means distributing qualified teachers evenly—which, in turn, means assigning white teachers to Negro schools in areas where whites won't live and Negro teachers to white schools in areas where Negroes can't live. Therefore, since large-scale integration of pupils is acknowledged to be a long way off, local school boards are under pressure from Negro groups to adopt other approaches as well—particularly to integrate their teaching staffs. Not only do the political repercussions of this approach seem fewer and milder, but the educational and social benefits to Negro children also promise to be more immediately effective. Moreover, in theory, teacher integration could occur immediately. Teachers, the reasoning goes, are employed by their school districts and in most cases can be sent wherever needed. In practice, however, it is not so easy.

Faltering Steps

The difficulties are making themselves apparent in big cities throughout the country. Last January the Congress of Racial Equality sought an injunction, which is still pending in U.S. District Court, to prevent the New York City Board of Education from "knowingly and wilfully" assigning disproportionate numbers of inexperienced teachers to predominantly Negro schools. But New York teachers are resisting compulsory transfer to slum-district schools. "Under no conditions will the UFT allow the teachers to be forcefully transferred or rotated," Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO, announced. "If necessary, the schools will be closed." (New York's problems are further complicated by the fact that although 52.8 per cent of its students in the public primary schools are Negro and Puerto Rican, only eight per cent of its teachers are—and these are concentrated in predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican districts.) New York's superintendent, Bernard Donovan, promised to take steps to fill vacancies in these districts this year, but he does not appear ready to attack teacher segregation directly. Experienced substitutes will be sent "almost entirely to schools with concentrations of disadvantaged pupils," Donovan said, and anyone who turns down such an assignment will not be hired as a regular substitute anywhere else in the system.

In Los Angeles, although little has been done to integrate faculties, the board is considering bussing volunteers with special training to Watts to help replace 317 teachers who requested transfers to calmer sections of the city. Los Angeles experienced a thirty-eight per cent drop in applications for new teaching jobs this spring. This fall, faced with a shortage of nine hundred teachers, the Los Angeles school board was forced to relax its requirements and give provisional teaching certificates to anyone with a bachelor's degree, thereby filling two hundred of the vacancies.

TEACHERS' organizations, notably the American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO, which represents the majority of teachers in most large Northern cities, threaten to strike whenever school boards talk of requiring teachers to work in schools they would rather avoid. They are

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less militant about the assignment of new teachers, who generally are offered a limited choice of schools. In practice, however, new teachers stay in difficult schools only until they gain enough seniority to transfer out, creating a heavy staff turnover in schools that most need continuity and experience. Many teachers won't accept even these initial assignments and instead take jobs in the suburbs. In Philadelphia, officials experimented last fall by assigning 434 new teachers to schools "where they were needed." About every third teacher resigned rather than accept the assignment, and one out of six of those who did start work in September resigned before Christmas.

"We recognize that in the current atmosphere about civil rights the least we can do is try to send teachers where they're needed," Richardson Dilworth, Philadelphia's former mayor and now president of its board of education, told me. "But we're feeling the pinch. The number of resignations is three times what it was a year ago."

Most teachers, in fact, seem fearful of change, and are primarily concerned with protecting their jobs in schools they know and understand. Pressures for faculty integration, however, are frustrated by more than a desire to play safe. For white teachers, a job in a white school is unquestionably easier than a job teaching Negro children from families that are usually poorer and less well educated. There also are fears of venturing into the slums and worries about working late after school, frequently masked by rationalizations: "I wouldn't know where to park my car."

Dedicated Negro teachers often balk at helping to integrate white schools on the ground that they are performing a more vital function in Negro schools, where they can try to give youngsters of their own race some motivation and education. There also are Negro fears of rejection, of perhaps having to be the first to integrate not only the classroom but the lunchrooms and washrooms and parents' meetings as well. Negro teachers who are themselves the products of segregated schools often are afraid that they may have to face hostile white students and teachers predisposed to compare them unfavorably with their white predecessors.

For both Negroes and whites, distance and traveling time are legitimate obstacles to faculty integration. Many teachers are working wives who have after-school responsibilities at home. A job far from their neighborhood may be undesirable for reasons having nothing to do with race. Basically, the problem of school segregation is one of residential separation.

FEDERAL EFFORTS to integrate teachers complicate the already difficult problem of large Northern cities in recruiting and retaining enough qualified teachers, Negro or white. U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II favors voluntary teacher integration by co-operation from school boards and teachers' groups. But in issuing revised guidelines last March, he said that he expected the government to exert pressure under Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act—which requires him to withhold Federal funds from segregated schools—if voluntary action was not forthcoming.

"It would be awful if there were a head-on collision between the board and civil-rights groups here about this," Dilworth has warned. "Suppose they get the government to cut off funds unless we start compulsory transfers of teachers. We would just have a general decline in education."

Dilworth's concern over a decline in the quality of education if integration of teachers is enforced raises a question of priorities. The Johnson administration has set three goals: to foster integration as an end in itself, to provide more and better teachers to chronically neglected slum schools, and to improve the quality of American education in general. Confusion as to which should come first—integration through the assignment of white teachers to Negro schools or improved education through the assignment of enough qualified teachers of any color—produces uncertainty and stalling even among civil-rights groups and well-intentioned school boards.

Philadelphia's Experience

Philadelphia is a case in point. It has been trying to cope with the problem longer than most cities, and the history of teacher integration there is worth examination.

In 1962 the local NAACP sued the school board, charging that it deliberately segregated pupils and teachers through gerrymandered boundary lines and capricious assignments. Then as now, the NAACP wanted teachers to be assigned to schools where they were needed—either to fill a vacancy or to integrate the faculty—without firmly deciding which objective had priority.

The NAACP's suit was continued indefinitely by an agreement made in September, 1963, which included a promise by the school board that new teachers would be appointed only to schools with teacher vacancy rates above ten per cent, and that teachers in schools with higher rates could not transfer out to schools with less than ten per cent. A vacancy was defined as a classroom led by a non-certified teacher.

The following summer, a citizens' committee appointed by the school board issued an exhaustive report on Philadelphia school segregation. The report said that "It is impossible to avoid the conclusion" that predominantly Negro schools "were definitely inferior in all major categories" to predominantly white schools. It also documented a thorough pattern of teacher segregation. In Negro schools, sixty-five per cent of all teachers were Negroes; in white schools, only 2.5 per cent of all teachers were Negroes. The system contained nineteen Negro elementary-school principals, and every

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one of them presided over a predominantly Negro school.

The committee rejected compulsory transfers as too harsh a first step, but proposed a voluntary exchange program, including paid attendance at a two-week workshop. It gave the voluntary program two years to work. Then, if there were not enough volunteers, the committee recommended that teachers be assigned and transferred "in the best interests of the school system without regard to teacher preference." Nothing came of this plan because soon after it was proposed the city's 10,800 teachers chose the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO, as exclusive bargaining agent with the board. The Federation, after several strike threats, managed to include a compromise voluntary transfer plan in its first contract with the city. For the first time, the board was dealing directly with teacher integration.

STARTING in September, 1965, volunteers were offered ten points' credit on promotional examinations plus an extra month's pay for each of two summers for attending "intergroup education" courses if they transferred into schools where ninety per cent of the faculty was of the other race. Extra supplies and "supportive services" were also promised in an effort to make Negro schools attractive to white teachers and insulated white schools appealing to Negroes. Teachers now say these services never arrived. The voluntary plan fulfilled the direst predictions of the board, the teachers, and the civil-rights organizations: it failed dismally. Only ninety-four teachers participated.

"Well, that's at least ninety-four more volunteers than we had before," observed John A. Ryan, president of the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers, assessing the wreckage. But the pressures on the teachers were only beginning. Last winter a new reform board under Dilworth took office. Dilworth immediately let it be known that he thought teachers should work where they were needed—a position he later modified substantially after grappling with the teacher shortage at first hand.

Superintendent of Schools C. Taylor Whittier meanwhile was under pressure to explain why only one Negro teacher was assigned to two new elementary schools in the city's Northeast district, where all but one per cent of the pupils and two per cent of the teachers are white. "The vast majority of Negro teachers are not willing to transfer to the Northeast because they want to work in areas close to their homes," he said. "It's only natural that a teacher's preference is to teach near his or her home." Whittier added that not a single Negro volunteered to transfer to the new Northeast schools, but twenty volunteered to transfer to a new school opening in a predominantly Negro section of West Philadelphia. His failure to assign Negro teachers to the white schools, however, inspired charges by civil-rights groups that the administration did not have its heart in faculty integration. And although Cecil B. Moore, president of the Philadelphia NAACP, explains the lack of volunteers to the Northeast as based on "economic inconvenience," he has been threatening almost monthly to reopen the District Court suit unless the board assigns teachers on the basis of need. Mrs. Sylvia Meek, education director of the Philadelphia Urban League, stated: "The whole problem with the voluntary plan is that it places the major burden of responsibility on the Negro teacher instead of on the school administration or the board. It's not fair to the Negro teacher to ask him to make that choice. Teachers should be assigned where they are needed to help integrate."

The voluntary program also ran afoul of teacher performance ratings. A review by Louis R. Ballen, the board's director of integration, found that the ratings of Negro teachers by their principals often dropped after they started working in white schools. This decline, Ballen said cautiously, "may indicate a greater resistance to the program experienced by Negro teachers from pupils, faculty, and perhaps administrators than for the white transferees."

For Whose Benefit?

When the board and the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers reopened negotiations for a new contract this spring, the major issue was a new transfer plan. Among other groups, the state Human Relations Commission weighed in with a confidential letter to Dilworth. The commission said it wanted to make sure that the board assumed its responsibility for the assigning and transferring of schoolteachers, "keeping in mind the importance of integrating faculties and that this very important matter should not be left to the desires or whims of the teachers."

The new plan eliminated the ten points' credit on promotional examinations as an incentive. Volunteers still will receive a month's paid training for two summers if they help integrate faculties, but now they will get an extra $1,000 for transferring into four Negro and one white disadvantaged "special service" schools if they agree to put in extra hours. Teachers already in these five schools also are eligible for the bonus if they volunteer for similar extra duties. New teachers will be able to select their assignments only among schools falling above the median vacancy rate.

This plan approaches both the integration and vacancy issues, but still carefully avoids any forced transfers even though the agreement contained an implicit threat that this would be the last voluntary plan. Nonetheless, when Philadelphia's schools opened this fall, only ninety-eight teachers had volunteered to transfer in an effort to integrate—four more than in the previous year. In view of this, the hopes for further integration in the near future expressed by the PFT and the school board seem overoptimistic, for they have agreed to try to increase the number of volunteers to three hundred by the fall of 1967.

In Philadelphia and more and more big cities of the North, the basic question will increasingly be whether schools are for the teachers or for the pupils. "There are conflicts of interest between the needs of the kids and the established policies of school boards and teachers' organizations," Commissioner Howe has said. But he indicated the administration's position when he added, "I think we've got to find some resolution of this to come out in favor of the kids."

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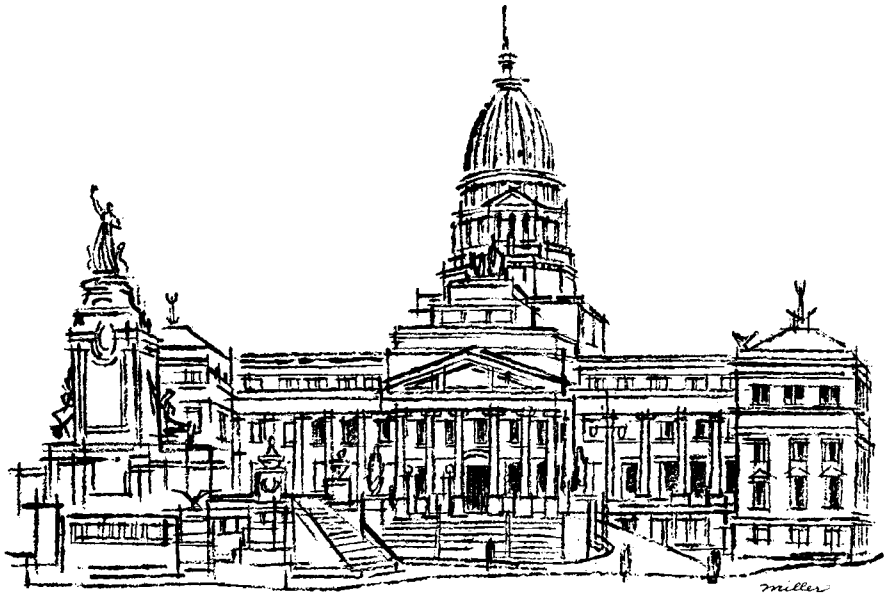

Argentina Returns To Autocracy

GLADYS DELMAS

BUENOS AIRES

When, on June 29, retired General Juan Carlos Onganía was made President of Argentina by the military leaders who had deposed President Arturo Illia twenty-four hours before, he assumed office with more power than any of his predecessors. Not only were the armed forces, for once united and disciplined, solidly behind him, but public opinion was overwhelmingly in his favor. He immediately used his power to make a clean sweep. Parliament and state and municipal governments were dissolved; political parties were abolished; even the justices of the Supreme Court were fired. No constitutional government has ever been laid to rest with so little fuss; there was hardly a murmur of protest, even from those most intimately concerned. It was, said a Frenchman, "not a *coup d'état* but a *coup de téléphone*."

The military intervention was born, according to Onganía himself, of "the anguish of chronic frustration." Argentines are taught from childhood that theirs is one of the richest countries in the world, yet their average personal income has risen a meager twelve per cent since the war. Many of them believe that this is due to an international and particularly a U.S. conspiracy to keep Argentina a pastoral country in a subordinate position. Yet though agricultural productivity has risen far less in Argentina than elsewhere, agricultural exports are expected to pay for uncompetitive Argentine industries that prosper behind one of the highest customs barriers in the western world—150 per cent and upward on most items. Other deep divisions rend the country: between labor and management, each caught in an inflationary spiral; between inefficient state enterprise and the heavily taxed private sector, both dependent on disguised forms of monopoly; above all, between the solid third of the country still loyal to the exiled dictator Perón and the rest divided again into a dozen factions ranging from old-fashioned Socialists to new-fashioned nationalists who admire Nasser and Franco.

Onganía promised to set all this right, to "modernize" the economy, moralize society, reorganize the state, and bring about the union of all Argentines in a "vertical" political structure, divided into well-defined zones of responsibility, with a clear chain of command descending from himself. That this was the pattern of autocracy did not seem to bother the Argentines; they have enjoyed few democratic governments in this century, and most of those ended in chaos.

A Limited Acquaintance

Although the military coup had been bruited for months in the streets and the press, it evidently came sooner than planned. Contrary to popular expectation, no shadow cabinet was ready to take over, and no ready-made program existed to carry out the new President's sweeping promises. Onganía's first problem was to find men.

Those with previous experience in public life had been ruled out with the ban on politics. The military, having put their house in order after the bloody internecine disputes of 1962-1963 and re-established an orderly process of promotion—one of their dearest concerns—were not eager to disrupt it by a scramble for civil appointments. They also seem to have been wary of identifying themselves too closely with the new government: any officer who accepted a post was requested to resign his commission. Nevertheless, given the scarcity of candidates, Onganía was obliged to name generals and admirals to sixteen of twenty-two provincial governorships, while colonels and majors were given a high percentage of lesser administrative posts.

To avoid the appearance of a military dictatorship—"This is a civilian government with military backing"—it was essential to find civilians at least for the ministerial posts. It soon became apparent, however, that Onganía, a gruff professional soldier of unquestioned piety and rectitude, did not enjoy wide civilian acquaintance. His main contacts beyond the barracks were within Church circles. Thus the majority of his executive appointments—and it is said in Buenos Aires that they were often second or third choices, since civilians were

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wary, too—went to militant right-wing Catholics. These people offered, if nothing else, the certificate of honorability he felt was essential: the alleged corruption of Illia's administration was one of the main reasons for its downfall. However, in Buenos Aires they are beginning to ask, "Why do seven children and daily attendance at Mass prove a man honest?" And since large families seem to lead to nepotism, a current joke is that the proper answer when being sworn in to a government job is "Yes, Uncle."

The overweighting of the cabinet with appointments from the extreme Right of the political spectrum has seemed at variance with Onganía's stated aim of reconciling all sorts of Argentines. Nowhere has this been more apparent than in the selection of the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Enrique Martínez Paz. He first aroused world opinion and frightened many Argentines by receiving the leaders of Tacuara, a hitherto sub rosa organization of young nationalist rowdies with a record of vicious Jew-baiting. Onganía countered with assurances to the Chief Rabbi of Argentina that his government was not anti-Semitic and by sending personal greetings to the Jewish community for their New Year. Nevertheless, Argentine Jews are more nervous than they have been for years, remembering the occasional anti-Semitic outbursts of the Peronists and the riots after the First World War that degenerated into a pogrom.

THE Minister of the Interior has further divided the country by his brutal handling of the university crisis. Argentine universities, like others in Latin America, have long been hotbeds of political ferment, with the Left often calling the shots. Students here are proud that it was in Córdoba in 1919 that South America's university "reform" movement was born. It transformed the rigid scholastic training, inherited from Spain and based on theology and the law, into a more open, inquiring system. To enforce it, the students insisted that the universities be governed by professors, alumni, and students without interference from the states that supported them. When the governing body of the University of Buenos Aires protested the overthrow of constitutional government—the only important organization to do so—Dr. Martínez Paz, on the pretext that the Communists were behind the protest, dissolved the governing bodies of eight state universities and fired the rectors. Police sent in to clear the premises performed their task with unaccustomed brutality.

The reaction was swift. Students of all persuasions rallied to defend

the principle of self-government; professors resigned en masse; streets in university neighborhoods became battlegrounds; and one student was shot to death "while resisting arrest." Public opinion, generally in favor of curbing student excesses, turned overwhelmingly against the government.

Worst of all, the Argentine "brain drain" became a flood. Professors who had put up with low salaries and low research budgets out of patriotism accepted offers to move abroad, complete with their research teams and work in progress. (Chile, Venezuela, and the United States have been the chief beneficiaries.) Although the official attitude seemed at first to be "good riddance," there are now signs that this has shifted. The armed forces' scientific and technical branch has been approaching the professors who had resigned with offers of an equivalent salary for just waiting around during a cooling-off period of three months. Many observers expect that by then Onganía will have found another Minister of the Interior.

Signs of Improvisation

The university fracas has also threatened to divide the Church. The hierarchy had jubilantly welcomed the new régime, with the Cardinal Archbishop of Buenos Aires appearing prominently at all the swearings-in. In the popular mind at least, Church and state became closely identified. When the students took to the streets, however, the younger clergy, the Catholic University of Buenos Aires—which, as a private institution, was unaffected by the ministerial decision—the Catholic students' league, and even some of the hierarchy openly supported them. The cardinal, who at seventy-seven is expected to retire shortly anyway, has now backed away to a less compromising position and let it be known that he will no longer appear at any function that is purely political.

In the economic field, too, there are signs of improvisation. President Illia had set up an economic development board that came up with a plan of sorts—to which no one paid much attention. There was also a Federal Investment Board, of dilatory habits. To produce a plan of its own, the new régime's idea is to fuse the two under the direct authority of the President, acting through his streamlined cabinet of five ministers (Defense, Interior, Foreign Affairs, Economy, and Social Welfare). Since Onganía's idea of a development plan is to attack "problems relating to social and cultural matters and the spiritual fulfillment of the individual," it is small wonder that it will take at least two years.

Meanwhile, more mundane matters are far from serene. Rumors are rife of serious disagreements among the three economic policymakers: the president of the Central Bank, Felipe Tami; the Minister of Economy, Jorge Salimei; and the ambassador to the United States, Alvaro Alsogaray, also charged with softening up Argentina's foreign creditors. Alsogaray, a voluble proponent of Germany's free market system, was Minister of Economy under Presidents Arturo Frondizi and

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José Maria Guido; he is the only politician in a top-level job. (His brother is an influential general and he himself once held a commission.) He is reportedly unhappy in his present removed position. Dr. Tami, a graduate of Duke and Columbia, is a professor with wide technical knowledge but little experience. Of the Minister of Economy little is known except that he is a devout Catholic and a successful entrepreneur in edible oils.

It is not surprising, then, that statements as to the future direction of economic policy are confusing. Onganía himself has said that he is a firm believer in free enterprise; he has even suggested returning some unprofitable state enterprises to the private sector. Some of his important supporters, however, have jubilantly hailed the new régime as the end of "liberalism," by which they say they mean reactionary policies. Argentines are sometimes difficult to understand.

A clue to what local businessmen mean by free enterprise turned up in a recent seminar on mass-distribution techniques as a means of lowering the cost of living. A visiting American, Fred Glass, explained the theory and practice of discount houses and then asked his audience what measures they advocated to make such outlets possible here. Cheap government credit, free use of government land, and tax exemptions were their main suggestions. But when he asked them to set up a model budget and saw what they had in mind, he was obliged to tell them that "a margin of over thirteen per cent on turnover does not make a discount house."

If the new government has stressed free enterprise in its policy statements, it has also stressed nationalism. This is not new in Argentina, where the chip on the shoulder is part of the national costume. If Argentina has received proportionately far less aid than its neighbors, either from the United States or from international organizations, this is partly because it has often considered the attached conditions to be an infringement of its sovereignty. It has also been unable to come up with the detailed projects such organizations demand, or, because of its tremendous budget deficits, to find the counterpart funds to match the loans. Another hindrance is the great burden of private foreign debt accumulated during the last years of Perón and the boom years of Frondizi. Nevertheless, relations with the International Monetary Fund have again been normalized, and the government has said it will hasten to fulfill its contractual obligations so that loans already granted may now be disbursed. Further than that, Argentina is now too proud to go "begging.'

One dangerous symptom of this reaffirmed nationalism is a campaign for Argentina to withdraw from the Latin American Free Trade Area. Admittedly the country has gained little from it so far; last year its trade deficit with the area was five million dollars. The argument goes deeper, however. Nationalist Argentines are opposed to the "sharing of tasks" that the integration concept implies. They want a wholly independent industrial complex within their own borders—steel, motors, petrochemicals, electronics, and the rest. They fear that Brazil, farther along on the road to industrialization, will outbid Argentina in the heavy and sophisticated industries necessary to big-power status. Once Argentina is completely industrialized, they say, interregional exchange can be fruitful, and they cite with disarming candor the growing commerce between the United States and Europe.

In the midst of these uncertainties, the first mood of euphoria in business circles has fizzled to a cautious "wait and see." Actually the economy is not doing as badly as advocates of the coup were wont to maintain. Inflation in the first six months of 1966 was only half that of the previous year. The balance of payments is in better shape than for many years. In 1965, per capita income climbed back to where it was in 1961. Even though Argentina has a long record of expansion-recession in four-year cycles, and pessimists were seeing 1966 as the beginning of another downturn, things were looking up at the time of the coup after a mild recession at the beginning of the year.

A New Friendship

For the time being, however, economic policy is secondary to the new government's greatest and most significant endeavor—to bring the working classes, overwhelmingly Peronists of various stripes, back into the national life. Ever since the overthrow of Perón in 1955 a deep chasm has separated them from other Argentines. They have been outlawed, cajoled, and bought, but they have never been listened to. They have retaliated with strikes, sometimes bordering on civil war. Because of their ostracism, Argentine politics has been truncated. No meaningful Left with labor support has ever developed. The new military government's expressed desire to give them a voice in public affairs is the most amazing aspect of the present Argentine situation.

Just how it came about is still not clear. One of the chief reasons for the overthrow of constitutional government was to prevent the elections of March, 1967, which were expected to show a large Peronist majority. Yet the Peronists greeted the new administration with overt sympathy. This led to talk of a previous "pact" between them and the military, though neither will admit to any such thing. It is known that Illia in his last days in office was making overtures to the Peronists, and some people suspect that Onganía moved sooner than planned in order to forestall him: if Illia had managed to negotiate mass support, the army rank and file might have

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hesitated to move. In any case, all the Peronists will say today in explanation of their incongruous friendship is, "The two men who have done most for Argentina are General San Martín [Argentina's Washington] and General Perón. We like generals."

The government's desire for a rapprochement is easier to understand. In the tidy corporative state it seems to envisage, it needs a single responsible organization representing labor, paralleled by a similar one representing management. More practically, as a government with no political base, it needs a friendly labor organization. Politics has been banned, but labor in Argentina *is* politics: almost all Peronist politicians are union leaders. By talking with them, Onganía is talking with the most powerful political force in the country.

To achieve its purpose the government is evidently willing to shelve, for the moment at any rate, its fight against inflation. The most important wage contract since June was that of the powerful metalworkers' union. It granted a raise significantly above the rise in the cost of living and added some gravy for the union treasury; the industry got a whopping line of credit to pay for it all. The contract was signed in the President's own office, with the tough Peronist leader Augusto Vandor wearing a tie in public for the first time. With such evidence of benevolence, labor has made only perfunctory protests against the decree making arbitration compulsory and, in effect, outlawing strikes.

The government's plans are greatly hampered, however, by the divisions within labor's own ranks—due in part at least to the efforts of previous governments to divide what they could not control. Some unions are "independent," i.e., the leadership is not Peronist. An insignificant handful had Communist leaders who have been removed, and the majority are divided between two brands of Peronism—one taking its orders directly from the exiled leader in Madrid, the other hopefully trying to rebuild "Peronism without Perón." Still another Peronist group calls itself "unaligned," not siding definitely with either, a tactical position of some value in the present skirmishing to rebuild the national labor federation, the CGT.

This organization is at present in complete disarray. A majority of unions are "of" but not "in" it, an Argentine subtlety further complicated by the fact that most of them have not paid their contributions for some time. The CGT is broke, and labor's own employees are among the worst paid in the country.

Yet the desire for dialogue with the government is striking. Argentine labor leaders—generally the most competent in Latin America—

plead in public and private for a hearing on basic economic policy. Since there is no leftist press to speak of, the general public is unaware even that they have a point of view other than a desire for higher wages.

THE RAILROAD situation is a case in point. Every man in the street will tell you that the railroads cost the country a million dollars a day, that the country saves money when they are on strike, that the trouble is due to laziness and featherbedding on the part of the railwaymen. The railwaymen themselves have another story. The trouble lies with management, they say—nineteen different teams in the last eleven years, generally incompetent, graft-ridden, and politically oriented. The solution is to find someone who really knows how to run a railroad and improve the service to attract more traffic—and they cite chapter and verse on how they would do this. Then, they say, the deficit would disappear, there would be no redundant workers, and the trains would provide the service for which the country is paying. An American expert, called in by one of the unions for technical advice, has said that he had seldom met such competent people.

Thus, to build a national labor organization it is not necessary to start from scratch, as in Chile, for instance, where only ten per cent of the labor force is organized. Nor is the problem one of ideology: Communism has made few inroads here, a fact that Onganía is quick to recognize even while evoking the Communist menace as a reason for the military take-over. Peronism is no more anti-democratic than the Francoism the present government apparently seeks to emulate. The "social conquests" that shocked conservative Argentines in the dictator's heyday are now a normal part of the welfare society of the western world. The problem is rather one of personalities, with ambitious labor leaders vying for positions in what promises to be the most powerful organization in the new Argentine state. And not only labor leaders: Argentines well remember how Perón, an obscure colonel in another military government, used the relatively unimportant Ministry of Labor to build a base for his rise to power. Here too there are rumors.

Thus, four months after the "revolution" that was to renew and invigorate this troubled country, things are almost back where they started: battles in the streets, rumors of cabinet switches, economic uncertainty, popularity bought by inflationary favors, power plays behind the scenes. Previously, when things went badly, Argentines could always conspire to bring about a "strong government" that would solve all problems by a few bold strokes. This time there is no alternative. The "strong government" is in power.

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Saga of the Little Green Pig

RALPH LEE SMITH

LOS ANGELES

When rioting broke out in the Negro district in Chicago this July, the New York *Times* reported that white-owned stores were the principal targets of the violence. In this way the riots followed the pattern of those in the Watts district of Los Angeles. Both outbreaks point to one of the most neglected problems of poverty and racial strife—the exploitation of the poor and of minority groups as consumers.

Conning the poor is a commercial activity of immense proportions in the United States. The pyramid of hard-sell salesmen, devious and costly financing and credit arrangements, false and misleading advertising, and ingenious merchandising schemes is built solidly on the backs of the poor. "These activities are aimed principally at persons in the low income and low education brackets," says Herbert Davis of the Consumer Frauds section of the California Attorney General's office. "The reasons are simple. First, sophisticated people are harder to fool. Second, the poor do not have either the means or the knowledge to secure an effective redress when they have been hoodwinked or gypped." To this can be added a third reason. Existing law-enforcement machinery, at both the state and city level, leaves the poor wide open for economic exploitation, and almost never provides for restitution for those who have been gypped.

Carpets, color TV, automobiles, and vacuum cleaners are among the goods frequently sold through fraudulent merchandising. According to Carl Dalke, former president of the Chicago Better Business Bureau, the most common gimmicks in his city are "chain referral schemes, home improvement, and fast-buck credit," in which people are urged and tempted to seek credit and the creditor uses "every kind of legal and extra-legal collection method." Civil-rights lawyers have become increasingly aware of the need to deal with such cases. "There once was a time when civil-rights law made on behalf of Negroes established principles that benefited the American public generally," says Jack Greenberg, head of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund. "Today, we recognize that without advances in furnishing legal services to the poor—without regard to race—we can never permanently affect the living conditions of America's Negro minority."

A typical example of the kind of merchandising plan that cons the poor is an elaborate scheme for selling vacuum cleaners at several times their actual worth that worked its way through Watts this year. Among the victims were Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Culp of 11721 Athens Way. The Culps are in their thirties and have two children. Both work—Bennie Culp in a workshop at North American Aviation, Josephine Culp as a cleaning woman in a building on Spring Street, Los Angeles. Last spring they received a postcard from a friend whom we will call Mrs. Jane Jones: "In a few days a friend of ours will be around to tell you about the Little Green Pig. The pig has a tail two or three feet long."

According to Mrs. Culp's account, several evenings later a young man rang the doorbell. "Did you receive the postcard about the Little Green Pig?" he asked. Mrs. Culp said yes, and said yes again when the young fellow asked if he could come in and show it to her.

He went out to his car, and came back with a big box that he placed in the center of the living-room floor. Opening it, he produced a green vacuum cleaner, with a "tail"—suction hose—two or three feet long. "What would you think," he asked, "if I gave you this vacuum cleaner for ten dollars?"

"I wouldn't believe it," said Mrs. Culp, "because I know that it costs more than ten dollars."

"Let me show you how it works," said the young man, "and then I'll explain how we can give it to you."

Then, Mrs. Culp told me, the salesman put the machine through its paces.

"We don't need it because we don't have any rug on the floor," said Mr. Culp.

"But listen," said the salesman,

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"why not take it? You see, we find that we spend thousands, millions of dollars on television advertising, and lose our shirts on it. It's a lot cheaper for us to put a few machines in the homes of people who will give us the names and addresses of several of their friends that we can call on and demonstrate the machine to."

Mrs. Culp told me that they were impressed by this apparently logical idea. The salesman closed in.

'There's No Catch'

"Now, here's what I want you to do," he said. "You remember the postcard you received?" The Culps nodded. "Well," he said, "I will give you seven postcards, and I want you to write the same thing on the back of them that was on the back of the one you received. Sign them, and address them to seven of your friends or relatives. Then send them all to me. I will mail them. If you will do this for me I can let you have this vacuum cleaner for ten dollars."

"We don't have ten dollars," Mrs. Culp told me she answered.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what," the salesman replied. "For the first family that lets me demonstrate the cleaner as a result of your cards, we will send you a check for $25. You can cash the check and send me the $10. In the meantime I will pay the $10 for the cleaner out of my own pocket until you pay me back. We have a regular plan where we pay $25 for each call we are able to make as a result of your cards. You can fill out more than seven cards if you like. Some people make real money on the deal. One fellow up in the Hollywood section made $600 just by sending out the cards. This way, you make money right along with me."

"What if nobody will let you show the machine?" Mr. Culp asked.

"You've got no problem there. Everybody is interested in the Little Green Pig."

The salesman produced a single sheet of paper covered with fine print, bearing the heading "SECURITY AGREEMENT." The name of the sales company was rubber-stamped in the top left-hand corner. In the upper right-hand corner, in a blank space designated "Purchaser," the salesman filled in the Culps' name and address. Below this space were a number of lines where the purchase price and the financial details of the transaction were to be filled in.

"Now sign this here," said the salesman, handing them the piece of paper. Mrs. Culp says it looked like a contract to her. "But why do we have to sign this if you are giving us the cleaner?" she asked. "It's just routine," the salesman replied. "I have to let the manager know where I'm leaving the machine."

"Look here," said Mrs. Culp. "Are you sure we don't have to pay for this cleaner?"

"There's no catch," the salesman said. "Just fill out the postcards and send them to me as quickly as you can."

"Do you know how much these

machines usually cost?" Mr. Culp asked.

"I don't know," the salesman replied. "But why should you worry? We're giving it to you."

Mr. and Mrs. Culp signed.

"Where do you work?" the salesman asked Mr. Culp.

"Why do you want to know that?" Mr. Culp asked.

"Well, we have to put that down," said the salesman.

Mrs. Culp says they gave him the information. "Where do you have credit?" was his next question. They gave him that information too. "You see," she says he explained, "we don't go around giving the machines to anybody and everybody."

The Contract

A few weeks later the Culps received an envelope in the mail from a firm we shall call the Green Pig Credit Corporation. It contained a form headed "NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT." The form read in part: "WE ARE PLEASED TO ADVISE YOU that we have acquired through assignment the SECURITY AGREEMENT which you executed as Purchaser on 5/17/66 with [name of company] as Seller, and relating to the goods, services, and/or Motor Vehicle described as follows: *Compact Cleaner.* A COPY OF THE CONTRACT AND YOUR PAYMENT BOOK IS ENCLOSED HEREWITH." A photocopy of the "Security Agreement" was enclosed, and the blank spaces for the financial breakdown of the transaction had been filled in by typewriter:

"Cash Sale Price		
Cash Price	$269.85	
Taxes	10.80	
TOTAL	$280.65	$280.65
Down Payment		
Cash	10.65	10.65
Unpaid Balance		$270.00
Service Charge		$54.00
Time Balance		$324.00
Time Sale Price		$334.65"

"The time balance," the agreement continued, "is payable in 24 consecutive monthly payments of $13.50 each, all payable on the same day of each month. The first payment becomes due 6-22-66."

Stunned, the Culps made no remittance. Soon Green Pig Credit Corporation sent them a notice that the first payment was past due. Shortly after, the salesman showed up again at Mrs. Jane Jones's house —and took back her machine. Upon checking her financial situation, apparently the firm had decided that there was no hope of extracting the price of the machine from her.

"What about the $25 each I was supposed to get for the postcards I sent out?" she asked.

The salesman answered, "I don't remember ever telling you anything like that," Mrs. Jones later told Mrs. Culp.

Meanwhile he assiduously followed up the cards that the Culps had sent him. Among others, he made a sale to Mrs. Culp's mother and father, but later took this machine back, too, evidently for the same reasons that he had reclaimed Mrs. Jones's Little Green Pig. The idea seemed to be to get the machines into the homes, get the contracts signed, and then decide which

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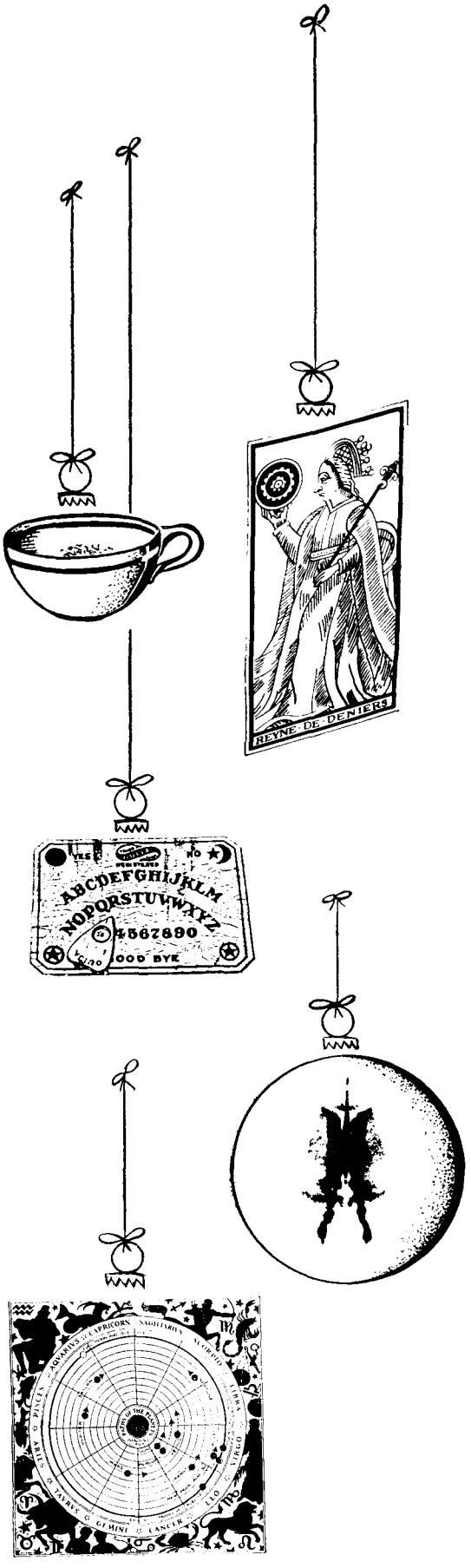

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families could be successfully shaken down.

The Culps, who both work, were presumably regarded as good bets. The machine stayed in their house and Green Pig Credit Corporation sent them another very firm letter. This time they called the finance company and explained how the machine had been "sold" to them.

"We don't want to buy any vacuum cleaner," Mrs. Culp said, "and we won't pay for it."

"Oh yes you will," she remembers the calm voice on the line replying. "We bought your contract, and we intend to collect. If you don't send us your check by Friday we will garnishee your husband's salary."

Mr. Culp was convinced that this would cost him his job. "I guess we'll have to pay," he said, "but I just don't know how."

In similar situations, tens of thousands of minority-group families have paid and are paying. And the Culps would have had to pay, too, except for the unusual series of events that followed.

Josephine Culp slept little that night. The next morning, in the building on Spring Street where she worked, she walked into the law offices of Caryl Warner and asked the receptionist if she could see him. Ushered into the office she had often cleaned, she sat down and told her story.

"Leave the papers here and drop by tomorrow," Mr. Warner said.

"We don't have much money," Mrs. Culp said timidly.

"There will be no charge," Mr. Warner replied. "Just come by again tomorrow morning."

Warner began by calling the city prosecutor's office and describing the scheme. He soon learned that from a legal standpoint little could be done to forestall the Friday payment deadline. First Mrs. Culp would have to file a complaint with the so-called "Bunco Squad" of the Los Angeles police force. The complaint would then have to be forwarded by the Bunco Squad to the city prosecutor's office for evaluation. The city prosecutor usually needs a number of complaints, supplemented by an investigation undertaken on its own, to build a case that will stick. Even if and when such prosecutions are finally successful, it is almost unheard of for any of the victims to get their money back.

Mr. Warner next called the news department of one of Los Angeles' major TV stations. "Send a spot news crew down here," he said. "I've got a story for you."

Within two hours a three-man news crew with a portable TV camera arrived, and Mrs. Culp was summoned from her cleaning job to describe her experience. The interview went on the 11 P.M. news broadcast the next night.

The following day Mr. Culp was called off the assembly line in the honeycomb processing shop at North American Aviation to answer the phone. He says that his caller referred to himself as an executive of the vacuum-cleaner sales company.

"We saw your wife on TV last night," said the executive, "and we were very concerned. It's bad publicity. If I had any idea that you didn't like the vacuum cleaner, I would never have sold your contract to the finance company. I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us come by and pick up your cleaner, along with the contract and the papers, and we'll cancel the whole deal."

"You can pick up the cleaner," said Mr. Culp, "but I don't have the papers. They're downtown."

"They're *where*?" the man asked.

"Downtown," said Mr. Culp. "The lawyer's got them."

The brand name of the Culps' "free" cleaner is "Compact." It was manufactured by the Interstate Engineering Corporation of Anaheim, California. On April 7, 1966, Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien announced that a forty-count indictment had been returned by a Federal grand jury in Manchester, New Hampshire, against Interstate Engineering, several other firms, and five individuals, in connection with the sale of "Compact" cleaners in that state. The indictment charged thirty-six counts of mail fraud, three counts of using a fictitious name, and one count of conspiracy. The machines, said the indictment, were being sold for $281.90, although they were valued at only $60 wholesale. The indictment states that the five individuals conspired with Interstate Engineering Corporation to sell vacuum cleaners at this "grossly inflated price" by telling buyers that they could recoup the cost of the cleaners by referring their friends as prospective customers. Once the sale was made, the indictment charged, the sales contract was sold or transferred to National Budget Corporation, a finance company set up by the defendants (not to be confused with what we have called the Green Pig Credit Corporation in California). According to the indictment, buyers did not know that their installment contracts were to be taken over by the finance company.

Downtown, Warner discussed the case with a visitor. "I wish I had the time and the money tc handle one-tenth of this stuff that comes into my office," he said. "Did you read that McCone Report on the Watts riots? Tommyrot. If that committee is interested in finding out some of the real causes of trouble, they can come to this office and read a few of my files."

He paused for a moment, and swiveled his chair to look out the window, placing his hands behind his head. "When historians write the story of all this trouble," he said, "they're going to wonder how in the hell such an incendiary element could have been so complacently accepted, and so overlooked."

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The Innocents of 1914

ALFRED KAZIN

A PASSIONATE PRODIGALITY, by Guy Chapman. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $5.*

More than any big war we have known, 1914-1918 remains the greatest possible human mistake. From it sprang so much of our political woe, to say nothing of the conscious sense of tragedy that has possessed every generation since then, that even those historians who have demonstrated the war's determined necessity, or who have found the same aggressiveness in Wilhelm II and Hitler, have hesitated to say that the war achieved anything in the light of the more tangible consequences: the destruction of a whole generation, the self-contempt of the West, the lasting cynicism and fanaticism of our politics. 1914-1918 remains the primal sin of twentieth-century history, the bloody deed that will always obsess us because possibly *it* could have been avoided, because all the actors entered upon it with the same nineteenth-century delusions, because the woe of it still defies all our telling and calculation and regret. In photograph after photograph, book after book, one still sees those mobs going like sheep to be slaughtered—one still gazes, with amazement more than horror, at the pictures of those Russian peasants kneeling in prayer before the mass killings of Tannenberg, the gassed and blinded French soldiers leading each other off the battlefield, the Kaiser and his retinue walking on planks so as not to be soiled by the blood running in the fields, the French and Germans who had killed each other in hand-to-hand fighting now lying across each other in trenches from which bayonets protrude.

The "novices of 1914," as one historian of Verdun called them, are now, like the figures on a Greek frieze, the incarnation of that innocence, grace, idealism, good will that made Alfred North Whitehead call the nineteenth the "century of hope." And so there is no end to their story, to all the stories that still have to be told. For never was so much historic innocence brought to so much horror. Never again will men going to war—or writing about war—be so nice, so decent, so correct, so quick to move us as were the young men of 1914. It is the everlasting contrast between these men and their war that explains why we can still read Robert Graves, Edmund Blunden, David Jones, Wilfred Owen, Isaac Rosenberg, D. H. Lawrence, Ford Madox Ford—the shock of 1914-1918 never grows any less in their pages, and many men still alive still feel with a peculiar vividness the war experiences they stored up then.

GUY CHAPMAN'S *A Passionate Prodigality,* first published in England in 1933, never before published here, is one of the best—one can even say one of the most "beautiful"—books about 1914-1918 that I have ever read. The remoteness one might suspect from these far-off dates doesn't exist: it is closer to our natural feelings about war, if they are still unsubmerged, than most of the tough, knowing, sterile stuff that is written about war in our own day. Understandably, a personal memoir like *A Passionate Prodigality*—a book that the author *had* to write under the compulsion of actual experiences—may seem to many people just another case history. That would be a pity. The admirable personal qualities that shine through the book, the aching decency that is behind so many of the encounters, give Chapman himself a moral poise, a compassion and humor in the description of his fellow soldiers, that explain much of the book's impression upon us. One is aware, from the very opening, of an exquisite literary and historical culture that was undismayed by all the muck, by a sense of duty in the man that brings to life the legendary virtues of honor and courage in old epic writings about war. Above all, one is aware of a literary gift that is subtle yet entirely modest, historical in temper, rooted in the facts of personal experience.

So the contrast between Chapman and the stupidity of war, between the ever-growing horror and this wholly honorable witness—as reasonable and painfully correct as only a young English subaltern of

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1915 could have been—brings out all the good qualities that men have traditionally brought to war. Chapman, who had just been called up to the bar, joined up in 1914 and was soon commissioned with a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, a London regiment. This battalion went over in July, 1915, had been brought together only a month or so before being sent to France, and was "almost entirely amateur."

The last is the key word. Because the men were "amateurs," with but two regular army officers (one had been retired ten years before the war, and the other was quartermaster), the battalion represented "a cooperative undertaking of amateurs in which we had to learn the hard way." (At the Armistice, just under eight hundred had been killed in action, including thirty-two officers, "which in fact is almost exactly the combat strength of an infantry battalion. And of course there were the wounded, not less than another fifteen hundred.") The confidence that first induced men to rush into the army—the British had not fought a serious war since 1815—was shattered by the near defeat in the first weeks and the appalling lists of casualties. The early feeling of adventure was soon lost. The war became that seemingly unchanging cycle of bloody mistakes and patiently endured, often senseless suffering, which was never to lose its power over the souls of these "amateurs."

In 1966, introducing his book to American readers, Chapman can still say, "I was preoccupied with an attachment, the sentiment of belonging to a living entity and, of course, its death." Typically, he finds this same generous sentiment of attachment in other memoirists, novelists, and poets—Edmund Blunden, Henry de Montherlant, Teilhard de Chardin. But what must strike an American, all too familiar with the hard-boiled pose and the declaration of a "separate peace" that Hemingway's heroes have made standard in our literature, is the extraordinary tenderness that Chapman shows for his comrades, the deepened awareness and love that he felt for the battalion, the sense of mutuality that war can bring. ". . . to drink of the ashes of dead relations, a passionate prodigality," wrote Sir Thomas Browne. "He that hath the ashes of his friend, hath an everlasting treasure." This is not a note I have often seen in our own war literature—Whitman, one must remember, was a noncombatant, as was Stephen Crane. Chapman, who was in the army up to 1920, quotes another remarkable veteran of 1914-1918, Teilhard de Chardin. The invincible attraction of the front lines was that one discovered a "lucidity" not otherwise given to people. "This heightening," Teilhard wrote, "is

not got without pain. All the same it is indeed a heightening. And that is why in spite of everything, one loves the front and regrets it."

Chapman's book, quietly reporting so much violence, nevertheless embodies Teilhard's powerful insight. *A Passionate Prodigality* is an example of the mature European consciousness in action; it shows the impact of a long-sustained ordeal on a beautifully scrupulous mind. You are aware at every point—and what a relief this is after the callous brutality of so much recent writing on war—of a peculiar delicacy of moral insight, founded on the faithful idealism of that last prewar generation and on a classical education.

In this old-fashioned perspective, war comes through for what it is. Chapman lightly sketches the ironic accidents, the still indecipherable cruelty, that have become the classic matter of war in every powerful rendering of the subject since Stendhal and Tolstoy. The book is full of those war horrors which inevitably thrill us, though we barely admit this, because of the excruciating test they put on our emotions—the Germans attacking under cover of hideously long flamethrowers, the English destroyed by their own trench mortars when the shells are caught in the breeze and explode in their lines, the mangled bodies that looked to Chapman like splashes of fruit. But unlike so many present writers on war who clearly have a design on us, who mean to impress us by the brutality of "their" writing, Chapman is clearly giving an account he owes himself, not a self-conscious literary performance. And more positively, his eye is always on the battalion, the men, the enduring *strangeness* of finding oneself, year after year, in all that incongruous mud and blood. "In spite of the Loos fiasco, we of course believed that the big push would succeed. After ten months in France, we are still in our state of primal innocence. But even in those early days the surprised mind woke momentarily to the thought, 'but—it's a life sentence.'"

Without that sense of war's strangeness, of its fundamental wrongness, without some persistent sense of the irrationality of the experience, nothing useful or lasting can be written about war. Some of those fresh, good-natured young Englishmen who went off fifty years ago managed to write enduring pages about their experiences because they never lost their feeling of outrage and even a simple human surprise that their leaders could be so stupid and blind. It is only when war is in some basic sense inadmissible, only when our emotions are faithful to the private conscience, that one can admit, as Chapman gladly does, the joy of comradeship, of bravery, of heroism. Only

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when one is not oneself warlike—the greatest writers on war never have been—can one savor the unexpected beauty of so many men trusting each other unto death, fully present to each other in the tragic splendor of their youth:

"When we moved out, there was a nip in the air. The first frosts had come. Beeches showered us with copper and yellow coin. Briars shaken by our tread flung us the crystals from their sprays. The way was lined with brave colours; streamers of travellers' joy waved in the faint breeze and hawberries shook their crimson heads at the tramp of our boots. As we passed under a tunnel of dark trees, the band broke into its thunderous jollity. Blow, fife; rattle, drum.... We have regained our youth; we have recovered the innocence with which we came to France, an innocence now not of ignorance but of knowledge. We have forgotten whither we are marching: we do not greatly care what billets we find tonight. We are content to live in the moment, to feel the warm sun, to enjoy the strength of our bodies, and to be lulled by the rhythmical momentum with which we march. . . . The next hour, man, will bring you three miles nearer to your death. Your life and your death are nothing to these fields—nothing, no more than it is to the man planning the next attack at G.H.Q. You are not even a pawn. Your death will not prevent future wars, will not make the world safe for your children. . . . Yet by your courage in tribulation, by your cheerfulness before the dirty devices of this world, you have won the love of those who have watched you. All we remember is your living face, and that we loved you for being of our clay and our spirit." »«

Choreography Of Despair

SAREL EIMERL

THE TIME OF THE ANGELS, by Iris Murdoch. *Viking. $5.*

There is a stern element of the jeremiad about much modern fiction, and especially in that segment of it written by those authors who are technically the most gifted. Bellow and Baldwin and Faulkner, Muriel Spark or Joseph Heller or even John Le Carré—their principal characters are almost always creatures tormented in one way or another. Sometimes the novelists' characters are themselves symbols of anguish or despair: dwarfs or paraplegics or imbeciles. Others are organically healthy but doomed to destruction by each other or by the malign force of circumstances. They inhabit that part of the Calvinist cosmos which embraces the damned, and, however nobly or vigorously they struggle, hell is their destination.

Iris Murdoch, an original in so many ways, is conventional at least in that her characters are always doomed, and in this, her tenth novel, she is depressingly single-minded about it. The action takes place in a ruined rectory in London, surrounded by the rubble of bombed-out buildings and shrouded in a dense London fog. The story is dominated by Carel Fisher, a priest who has lost his faith and who, in his megalomaniac despair, reduces all the other principal characters to ruin. He has seduced and emotionally enslaved his colored housekeeper, Pattie, and that affair helped to kill his wife. Muriel, his daughter, holds Pattie responsible for her mother's death, and hates her. She also hates and dreads her father but unconsciously, it is implied, lusts for him. She is closely attached to, and responsible for feeding, her cousin Elizabeth, a beautiful young recluse who is confined to her room with a mysterious back ailment—psychologically induced, one assumes. There is also the handyman Peshkov, a Russian exile long grown used to solitude, who falls in love with Pattie, while Muriel is falling in love with him, and while his own son is falling in love with Muriel.

All in all, they are an odd and depressing lot, and they prove to be much odder as the novel proceeds through a succession of increasingly macabre and horrible situations. Not wanting to lose Pattie to his handyman, the Rector resumes his affair with her. Pattie is in love with Peshkov; she wants to resist the Rector, but she can't. He is, I guess, maybe the devil, and he possesses her soul. When Peshkov hears of the infidelity, he abandons Pattie, and that is the end of her brief glimpse of possible happiness.

MEANWHILE the Rector has secretly been having an affair with his niece, Elizabeth, as his daughter discovers by peeping through a hole in the wall. This is enough to make her hate the cousin she has always tended with such care. But there is worse to come. For Elizabeth, it turns out, is not really the Rector's niece; she is his daughter. Discovered in incest, the Rector takes the sleeping pills that Muriel had been preserving in case life became totally intolerable. This is the supreme tragedy, for his suicide emotionally destroys both his children, who are left condemned to remain together, tied by bonds of mutual need and hatred.

To all this, there are added so many strong implications of homosexuality and lesbianism that almost every character turns out to be involved in some form of sexual perversion. This is intended, I suppose, to symbolize the hopelessly twisted nature of contemporary life. In fact, Miss Murdoch comes right out and says so, through a series of theological and metaphysical discussions which demonstrate that God is dead; that the idea of goodness has become a myth; and that in a world left without any solid moral values, there can be no truth or generosity or tenderness—or any other of the traditional virtues. The only enjoyment lies in the satisfaction of animal passions, notably sex. Otherwise, all is drear, cruel, and destructive, and sex, too, leads eventually to disaster.

Miss Murdoch, an intelligent woman, must have been aware

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that common sense might condemn her vision as excessively pessimistic. She meets this threat by introducing a retired headmistress, Miss Shadox-Brown, a kind of superannuated hockey player who personifies old-fashioned common sense. The Rector is mad. Everyone else is making a lot of fuss about nothing, and if they would just get out into the world, apply their will power, work hard, and take enough exercise, everything would be all right. This is the tone Miss Murdoch employs; for she presents Miss Shadox-Brown as an object of satire, and has her talk with a naïveté that makes her arguments appear ridiculous.

But are they? Here we come to the central questions posed by this novel. Has the collapse of traditional religious belief really made the concept and practice of goodness obsolete? Have we really been reduced to the condition of despair and moral disintegration that Miss Murdoch portrays? Or is she just writing about certain unfortunate aspects of the world that happen to take her fancy?

THESE QUESTIONS are justified by the novel's tone. It is true that one must judge any novel on the terms set by the author. If he chooses to write about dwarfs, the fact that comparatively few people are dwarfs is not really relevant. It is also true that we all have our own vision of the world, and if Miss Murdoch happens to see it as one vast hell and portrays it as such, that is her privilege. And, since her novel is really a fantasy, it might seem unfair to judge it by standards more appropriate to a naturalistic novel. But Miss Murdoch does not allow the reader to say to himself: "This is a story about a group of people and what happens to them, and I shall accept it as such." She demands that it be regarded as a parable of the human condition; for her purpose clearly is not so much to tell a story as it is to expound and illustrate the view that we have all been emotionally crippled by the collapse of traditional religious values, and must make the same choice that Jeremiah offered the Israelites: rediscover your faith in God, or be damned.

This obviously constitutes an interpretation of contemporary life whose value must be judged like a naturalistic novel, at least partly on the basis of its accuracy. It seems to me that every reader must render his judgment on the evidence of his own knowledge and experience, and I, for one, am totally unconvinced.

In the first place, I believe that Miss Murdoch, like so many other postwar novelists, has fallen prey to fashion and is exaggerating the influence exerted by the decline of the old religious values. I suspect that there was just as much incest, cruelty, despair, and all the rest when most people believed passionately enough in their own vision of God to murder the enemies who favored another. This leads me to suggest that Miss Murdoch's explanation of such human weakness and misery as does exist is inaccurate. In the second place, my experience does not support Miss Murdoch's view that modern life is exclusively ghastly, even though so many of her fellow novelists appear to share it. No doubt we all have our private despairs, but people do laugh and have fun making love and playing with the baby. Judging from her novels, Miss Murdoch either does not agree or else she considers such joys unimportant. She presents only the somber side, and by doing so, in my view, she cooks the evidence and thereby renders her work valueless as a moral treatise. For a moral treatise should be based on a fair assessment of what life is like, and I would say that Miss Murdoch is about as objective an observer as Savonarola.

APART from such considerations, and examined solely as a piece of fiction, this novel suffers from serious though fascinating defects. Miss Murdoch's prose is so good, her dialogue is so sharp, and her technique is so skilled that, up to a point, she makes you believe in the world she has created. But through excess of technique, she destroys what her technical skills have created. Her method is to manipulate the relationships between her characters in highly formalized patterns in order to make her denouements as horrible as possible. If Miss X falls in love with Mr. Y, then it invariably turns out that Mr. Y is hooked on the very woman whom Miss X most fears or detests. Miss Murdoch used precisely the same technique in at least two earlier novels, *An Unofficial Rose* and *A Severed Head,* so she must think highly of it. Certainly the patterning helps her to illustrate her theme: that life is like a peculiarly sadistic prison system in which every prisoner is made to suffer by the others. But the manipulation of characters in such elaborately formal patterns has the unfortunate effect of transforming them into puppets, and while in real life we may all be puppets of fate, puppets do not make convincing characters in fiction. And, just as when reading Proust one finally grows weary of all the homosexuality that is gradually unveiled, so, when reading Miss Murdoch, one finally wearies of all the ballet moves and revelations, all contrived to show that things are even more ghastly than they appeared on the page before.

Miss Murdoch must surely be aware how gravely the precision of her minuets threatens the reader's suspension of disbelief, and I can only conclude that she doesn't care. Her intention presumably is not to create situations that the reader will accept as plausible but, through parable and symbol, to communicate her vision of life as hell. But if an author piles horror upon horror, the reader finally becomes anaesthetized to horror, and might even come to regard the whole charade as faintly silly. Much as I admire Miss Murdoch's technical skills, I think her novels are too coldly intellectual and, because of that, eventually ring hollow. Perhaps I lack the imagination required to accept her novels on the terms she sets. But two sentences in this book haunt me. " 'My vocation,' " says the Rector at one point, " 'is to be a priest. If there is no God, it is my vocation to be the priest of no God.' "

It is neat and it sounds profound, but does it really mean anything? Whenever I finish a novel of Miss Murdoch's, I am afflicted with the uncomfortable suspicion that I have just been reading several hundred pages of brilliant, donnish nonsense.

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The Immortal Snob

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

JAMES BOSWELL, THE EARLIER YEARS: 1740-1769, by Frederick A. Pottle. *McGraw-Hill. $12.50.*

Why a biography of Boswell? And why, since we still have another volume to go, one so long and detailed? One answer (the one given on the dust jacket) is that *something* had to be made of those thousands of manuscript pages in Boswell's private papers, the extraordinary papers that first began to emerge in a Scottish castle forty years ago. McGraw-Hill put up a large portion of the half million dollars it cost to bring this cache to America, and the reduction of it into a "popular" biography may be one way for recovery of the investment.

Fair enough. But this is still not quite an answer to the question. A more acceptable reason may be Boswell's literary reputation, as himself the author of the most celebrated and most readable biography in the language. There is something to this, certainly, and Professor Pottle makes a strong case for the priceless quality of Boswell's literary gift.

But, although he is already collecting notes toward it in these earlier years, the *Life of Samuel Johnson* is the business of the last decade of Boswell's life, and hence of Professor Pottle's next volume. The great work of these years was the phenomenal Journal.

This Journal, or rather the very fact of Boswell's compulsive journalizing, might be regarded as an even more substantial answer to the question "Why a biography?" The *Life of Johnson* is magnificent; it is matchless. But it was for the most part an artful job of editing from the great Journal, "the central literary creation of his life"—the Journal that is not only the major creative effort of these early years but also, in its way, a more extraordinary document than the *Life* extracted from it.

A case could be made, in fact, that Boswell's compulsion to write himself out ("I should live no more than I can record"), together with his absolute mania for veracity, his "almost pedantic passion for circumstantial accuracy," remains his primary distinction. "The workings of his own mind fascinated him, and he relished every other variety of human nature. But the experience was not complete, not lived through, not wholly *realized*, until he had explored it verbally and written it down." He remained a fanatic self-recorder, an ego-objectifier all his life, long after most men outgrow the compulsion to argue with themselves in diaries. So much a function of his being is the need to self-record that the reader feels, after one of Boswell's warm, exact, Richardsonian reproductions of some tender sexual encounter, that he had relished the experience *in order* to write about it. "His recourse to orgy to dispel anxiety has had plenty of parallels, but his recording of the orgy, not without his usual tone of wonder at his own variety, approaches the unique."

BUT a genius for journalizing does not alone make a life (or a biography), and a final justification for this book must be the unique personality at its center—the very "original character" that so fascinated Boswell, that he recorded so minutely, and of which this compulsion to record is only one of a hundred incongruous traits.

Some of the traits are already part of the Boswell myth (which Pottle tries here to reduce to rational dimensions). Boswell the celebrity hunter, surely the most ardent in history, is apparent in the *Life of Johnson*. But he laid siege to others than Johnson, and this volume records his campaigns after the Margrave of Baden-Durlach, John Wilkes, David Hume, Rousseau (a prize catch, a triumph), Voltaire, the Corsican hero Paoli, the Pope, at least four Italian contessas, David Garrick, Joshua Reynolds, William Pitt, General Oglethorpe, and—the one that got away—Frederick the Great. He "has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of," Horace Walpole sneered. Boswell himself put it thus: "It is certain that I am not a great man, but I have an enthusiastic love of great men, and I derive a kind of glory from it."

Boswell the wencher is well known to his readers of his *London Journal*, the first volume to be popularly published. He regarded his own prowess as inspired ("Five times was I fairly lost in supreme rapture"), but Pottle ridicules the common diagnosis of satyriasis; to him it seems no more than a "high-rating" sexual athleticism. In any case, this rampant athleticism, from gutter to palazzo (which brought Boswell two bastards and half a dozen bouts of venereal disease in his first twenty-nine years), is here tantalizingly traced and perceptively analyzed, and may gain still more readers for the Journals.

Boswell the melancholic, the morbid, the manic-depressive; Boswell the sadistic, the silly, the all-charming; the madly ambitious, the morally weak; Boswell the restless, the insecure, the volatile and inconsistent, the zestful and self-indulgent—all of these Pottle presents and then attempts to understand, in extended analyses that are one of the book's ablest contributions. He traces puzzling character traits back to infancy, he tries painstakingly to separate out the tangles of conscious and unconscious motives.

I CANNOT SAY that Professor Pottle has quite made all this make sense, but he has certainly tried. Back of it all, no doubt, lies Boswell's absolute self-absorption. This adolescent and mirror-walled egoism made an unendurable curse of fathers, demanding mistresses, régimes of self-repression, the prospect of marriage or duty, failure of any sort, in fact *any* limitation of self-expression. At the same time, as Pottle reminds us, it gave us the Journal, and hence the *Life*.

Pottle's presence in the book, like Boswell's in the *Life of Johnson*, is not an unmixed blessing. Like Boswell, he makes no effort at anonymity, but sits most assuredly right in the middle of his narrative. Such biographical self-consciousness, in the robust eighteenth-century manner, may prove a bit vexing to our twentieth-century sensibili-

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ties. He tells us not only Boswell's story but a good deal of his own: descriptions of his jobs of research, self-conscious injunctions about "the biographer's duty," arch appraisals of his own rhetoric, defensive justifications of his own theories. He enjoys hiding surprises, delaying climaxes, offering asides to the reader: "We shall not be blackening a hitherto spotless reputation if we cast her in the role of Boswell's mistress." "Who, the reader may well ask, was this Margaret Montgomerie, and why have we not heard of her sooner?"

There *is* something a bit archaic in the manner; and of a piece with it are the Fieldingian euphemisms for sexual matters, the knowing professorial allusions, the facetious and condescending quotations out of context; as well, I suppose, as the tastes for Scott and Shelley.

Disturbing too, and I hope unnecessary, is Professor Pottle's constant defensiveness. The tone is present in everything he has ever written about Boswell for the past forty years; it conjures up a ghostly legion of Boswell haters whom he everlastingly feels the need to rebut. I grant (and Pottle grants) that there is much about Boswell that is hateful, and that "the choice between liking and disliking another human being is legitimately arbitrary." But I really wonder if most readers are as antagonistic toward Boswell as he seems to think.

IT IS THIS as much as anything else, this and the quiet note of frustration in his introduction (an account of his lifetime of labor in the Boswellian mine), that leads me to wonder if Professor Pottle might not have been a bit unhappy with the whole job; if the disparity of temperament between biographer and subject was really not too great ("If Boswell and I had met," he once told an interviewer, "we probably wouldn't have gotten along at all well. He was such a noisy, bouncy fellow . . ."); if all these years there has not been a certain honorable, against-the-grain strain to his endeavors, that reveals itself in the vague infelicity of this volume. But the great job is done, and done well, and this is no time to suggest switching biographers.

The Watch

Nightfall on the hill.
Somewhere a siren, wild and shrill,
goes panicking through the streets below.
I search the shadows, hoping for a glow—
something to flash and show
me why I wait here—wait
and think: something's inside me that I hate.

A fire. It's like a sun—
unworldly, yet the heart of one.
A building glows with it, and draws
crowds, men, faces alight, who pass and pause
to watch the scarlet claws
draw earth back into sky,
as through a black tornado's empty eye.

Red-eyed holy birds,
crueler than flesh, subtler than words,
plumed Pharaohs, sun-born worshiped kings,
light, and feed on the solidness of things.
They ride on magic wings.
It is in me they ride.
They're nothing much. They're what I keep inside—

an emptiness I twist
around, attempting to exist. . . .
It's pleasanter kept shut in gloom.
I raise up stones, wall Pharaoh in his tomb,
and try not to exhume
the hollowness it hides—
but the earth shakes, crumbles, and out he rides.

That siren slings its noose
to catch a prisoner on the loose—
me there! I'd have him flashing higher—
darkness is coming—and see the naked fire,
the naked god inspire
his stones, raise up, possess. . . .
Charred walls collapse into his emptiness.

And now the light of day
like a burnt fire sinks away—
and like a melting gauze, has peeled
over the body of the moon, revealed
in a dark starless field,
unterrified and white,
standing out there in nothing but the night.

—RICHARD MOORE

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Black Magic Comedy

GLENDY CULLIGAN

OFFICE POLITICS, by Wilfrid Sheed. *Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $4.95.*

Wars of succession have plagued us since man's mythic beginnings and continue at every level in every language. The major battles fill shelves of history books and column after column of today's front pages, as York and Lancaster, Bourbon and Valois, Johnson and Kennedy marshal their forces on panoramic stages while a trembling world awaits the outcome.

In the office of the *Outsider* magazine, on the other hand, only the moldy walls had ears for the internecine warfare within, and even those walls were somewhat deafened by a cumulative litany of employees' complaints against their private tyrant. Gilbert Twining, editor of the *Outsider,* ruled the magazine as though it were a mandated island. To George Wren, newly recruited number four editor, there was shock in the discovery that "so august a journal [was] being pasted together in such a woebegone office." Could so much wisdom emanate from such a mildewed fount?

George, who has sacrificed the luxury of a job at CBS to serve the cause of liberal journalism, finds it hard to adjust his sights. "At one end were the mimeograph machines and other dimly understood paraphernalia, at the other were four tiny editorial offices, separated by duckboard partitions. There were no windows to speak of, to modify the darkness and grime; no street sounds to mingle with the steady pounding of the address machines." From the ravaged water cooler, even the drinking water oozes in lukewarm drops.

Despite its shabby-genteel decor, the *Outsider* retains an inside track with an elite corps of intellectuals whose subscriptions keep it going, although just barely. Unfortunately, they number only 21,000, and even that number shrinks from day to day as old friends fade away and new ones fail to clip the discreet coupon. Thus, the *Outsider's* "reputation shrank a little every time a subscriber died," despite its enlightened gospel of "radicalism with responsibility." In its sober columns, every cause was "paired off with its common-sense opposite; adding up to urbanity, lack of fluster, loyal, courteous, brushes teeth after every meal."

COURTING wealthy matrons who can meet the magazine's "small, nagging deficit" thus becomes a major responsibility of the magazine's editor. For this role, Gilbert Twining's impressive "regency style" seems perfectly tailored. Bemused by his leader's charisma, George Wren sees Twining as "the kind of Englishman who ought to be posing for argyle socks." To George, fresh from a cramped apartment in Queens, Twining appears "seasoned to perfection . . . absolutely invulnerable . . . absolutely effortless" whether blue-penciling the effusions of his staff ("I say, old boy, this really won't do, you know!") or wooing widows more noted for social position than social conscience.

The beginning of wisdom comes for George with his leader's embarrassing confession of sexual failures. Not feet but loins of clay mar the idol. Thus, when Twining manages to suffer a heart attack in a terribly strange bed, George is too depressed by the tarnish on his ideals to participate in the war of succession that follows.

From the doorway of his grimy cubicle, George observes as through a dirty glass darkly the Machiavellations of his senior colleagues, Brian Fine and Fritz Tyler, as they maneuver for the allegiance of Olga Marplate, the office manager ("a top-heavy frump in a basic black dress"), and Philo Sonnabend, the inarticulate advertising manager ("a middle-aged man in unsuccessful pinstripes"). For years, the quartet has been grumbling in chorus at Twining's tyranny, his resistance to their eager suggestions. Now, to George's wondering eyes, a startling phenomenon appears. The magazine "was full of people who had been inhibited by Twining, and had then, through some macabre process, turned *into* Twining, writing like Twining and thinking like Twining." In this, as in many a larger kingdom, comes the revolution only to bring a rerun of the past.

Thinking like Twining is, however, easier started than finished, for the ailing master has a few tricks up his impeccably tailored sleeve when his control is seriously threatened. George, watching pretenders crumple under the lash, sees that "it is possible to manipulate grown men, run them the way you run a child . . . it's as easy as a cheap conjuring trick."

For particulars of this sorcery, it will be necessary to read Sheed's sly, dry little comedy. George's final wisdom, however, echoes that of Henry Adams, who, peering out his study window at the White House, said of the Presidency almost exactly what George says of the magazine. "It didn't really matter who edited the damn thing, it always came out the same."

LIKE his present hero, novelist Sheed has learned the virtue of playing it cool in a tightly constructed, evenly sustained comedy. His earlier novels, despite their various and considerable merits, suffered from a straining for effect or (in the case of *The Hack*) a subject matter that is ill suited to comic treatment.

Born and educated in England, Sheed has become acclimatized to the United States without losing his accent. He excels, like so many of his countrymen, at the deadpan art of gentlemanly caricature, mildly deprecating in tone rather than savage, reconciled to absurdity rather than railing against it. The result is a well-brewed tempest in a beautifully glazed teapot. Sheed's fourth novel hits squarely a selection of small targets: liberal weeklies, Anglo-American misunderstandings, Old and New Dealers. But don't let the scale of his operation mislead you; the strategies embedded in his satire are eminently sound. Of course, you may say, it's only office politics—but even at that level, one man's dirty pool is another man's diplomatic triumph.

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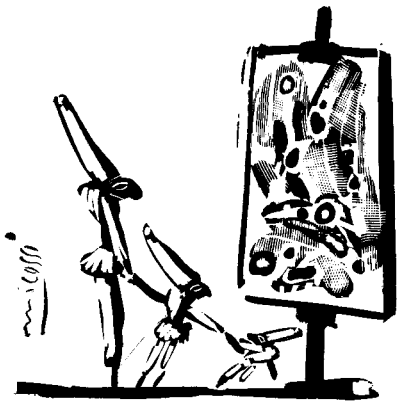

'A Brilliance of Light'

ALFRED WERNER

"MANET was the first painter to express his feelings directly, thus liberating the instincts. He was the first to paint spontaneously, thereby simplifying the artist's task. In order to do so, he had to eliminate everything he had been taught and preserve only that which came from within himself."

This statement by Matisse flashed through my mind as I walked into the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where currently more than two hundred oils, pastels, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Edouard Manet are on display. But an art critic does not only respond by recalling if he can what wiser men have said; he is also a human being, capable of emotion. Entering the museum, I felt like humming gay French songs or, better still, Viennese melodies. It was glorious to feel the presence of a cultured, witty, and lively gentleman after the cold mathematical calculations that New York now offers as art. I know scores of reasons why the perfect order of "systemic painting" (the latest addition to our aesthetic jargon) can be said to have merit, yet with the British critic Eric Newton I fear strongly the danger of "losing touch with the lovable muddle of the sensual world."

At Philadelphia, there is no such danger. We know little about Manet, who moved happily in the milieu of the upper Parisian bourgeoisie without uttering any theoretical axioms (theorizing about art was abhorrent to him). Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec have captivated the imagination of novelists and moviemakers as the urbane boulevardier and *flâneur* Manet has not. He was strictly *sui generis*. Though superficially he seems to have a good deal in common with his coevals Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley and was on close terms with Berthe Morisot (her portraits turn up repeatedly in the show), he refused to exhibit with the Impressionists and even grew angry whenever his name was linked with theirs. As Anne Hanson observes correctly in the excellent text she has written for the exhibition catalogue, they did not influence his work. Manet did not "fracture his colors, or lose the strong sense of silhouette and pattern which persists throughout his œuvre and distinguishes his paintings from the more atmospheric works" by Impressionist artists, nor was he devoted to landscape painting.

TODAY it is considered lowbrow to inquire into the life of a painter. Paintings just happen, the purists tell us, and they are combinations of colors, shapes, lines—nothing else. Yet a human impulse urges us to inquire into the life of the painter and to treat his works as if they had been molded to some extent by biographical factors and incidents.

Manet's life was relatively "uneventful." His family was respected and well off, his father being chief of personnel at the Ministry of Justice and his mother the daughter of a clever diplomat who was greatly instrumental in making General Bernadotte King of Sweden. Manet *père* wanted his son to study law and forbade him to become a painter; Manet *fils* bided his time, making a voyage to Brazil. Finally father and son made peace, and Edouard entered the studio of the famous academician Thomas Couture. From that year, 1850, to his death thirty-three years later, Manet was entirely devoted to art.

He had an affair with a pianist, Suzanne Leenhoff, and finally married her, though their son, born out of wedlock, officially passed as her younger brother. He traveled to Spain, Holland, Germany, Austria, and Italy, everywhere haunting the museums. From his father he inherited a substantial sum and had no need to peddle his works from one prospective customer to another, as most of the Impressionists did. In fact, the Manets lived on a generous scale and held open house for fellow artists, musicians, writers, and what are now called the beautiful people. Manet was to be seen in the more fashionable cafés, an elegant man, a dandy in tailcoat, with cane and top hat, who enjoyed the company of fashionably dressed women.

Manet, nonetheless, did not paint for the sake of fat fees, and he rarely made compromises (though at one point or another he may have tried too hard to get into the official Salon and, perhaps, watered the wine of his conviction). He was a born painter, and he loved painting with a passion comparable, perhaps, to that of Renoir. As the Philadelphia exhibition reveals, he was no revolutionary, no philosopher influenced by world literature, as was Delacroix, no religious mystic, as was Rouault after him. Unlike Daumier, he did not look at the nasty aspects of life. Though a left-wing republican, he was basically a man about town who painted only because he loved to. As he put it, he tried to be himself, and not someone else.

WHILE we know fairly little about his thoughts except for what we can guess from his painting, we are well informed on his position in the art world of Paris after 1859,

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 156

by HENRY ALLEN

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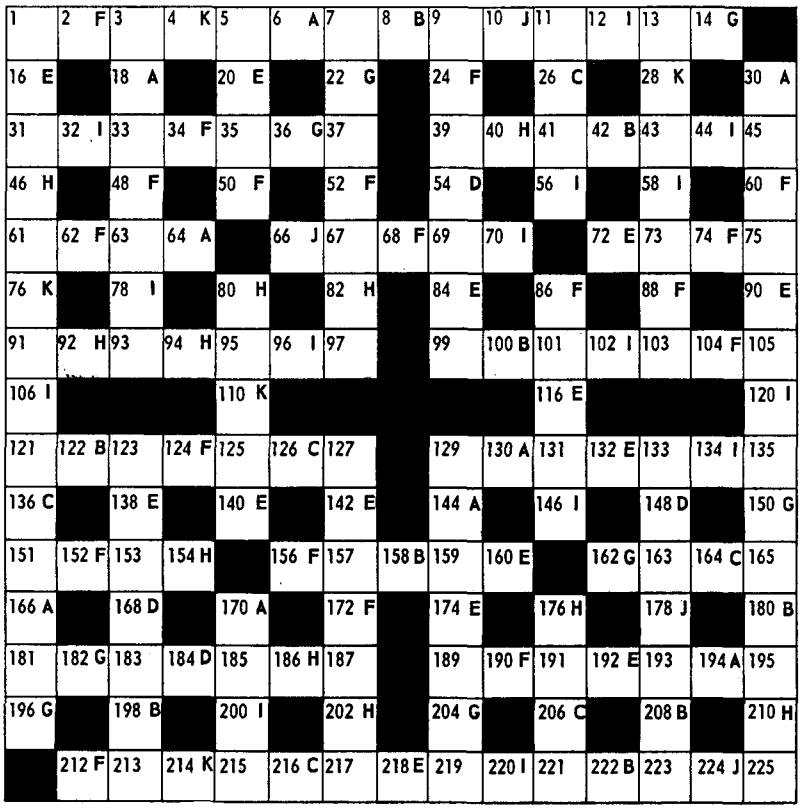
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 30 166 6 144 130 194 18 64 170 A pike-like marine fish of the genus Sphyraena.

B 100 158 180 122 42 208 198 222 8 "The excellency of every art is its _____." Keats, Letter to G. and T. Keats.

C 26 126 216 206 164 136 Tenants.

D 148 184 168 54 Place, stead.

E 90 16 20 218 132 140 72 138 84 174 116 192 142 160 Very small flow of a certain liquid (7,2,5).

F 156 152 212 52 60 2 68 86 62 50 190 74 48 34 104 124 172 24 88 Kind of crown made from layer of a kind of shell (6,2,5,6).

G 22 162 204 14 182 150 36 196 Fat, roly-poly youth (5,3).

H 154 210 82 40 94 80 46 186 176 92 202 A national park.

I 220 120 12 32 134 106 146 56 200 44 70 58 78 96 102 Make the meaning clearer (7,3,5).

J 66 10 178 224 "Beside the ungather'd _____ he lay, His sickle in his hand." Longfellow, "The Slave's Dream."

K 76 4 110 214 28 A young mackerel not over six inches long.

ACROSS

1. Real estate comes erect and it's correct at first! (8,6).
31. Kind of medicine for the opera, doctor.
39. Kind of mistake a bundler will make.
61. Airplane that pads about.
66. Overheads with a central exclamation.
72. Russian river found about in a rutty bit of soil.
91. Back someone inside, I hear.
99. This region is a first-class isle.
121. Told something to those who are in the same family?
129. Flowers for an actress.
151. A mug for a boy.
156. Kind of house that's not quite Norman.
162. How I feel when down and out in Paris.
181. A slicer with tea for widows.
189. The final deed before the final curtain (4,3).
212. Rests and uses scuba gear (5,1,8).

DOWN

1. Job of the Acrostician (5,9).
3. What 1 across may pertain to for us (3,4).
5. A country in the tale I relate about it.
7. How the British feel fit at the highest point on the golf course? (3,4).
9. Strips again and turns back.
11. Fill the gourmand and he loses a ton, paradoxically.
13. Prayers due me, little saint! (2,5).
30. A letter for a staple diet (5,3,6).
80. Pen the correct answer, they say.
86. A sudden blaze is heard with a knack for it.
123. O! A libel of a flower!
127. The place for deceased mariners? (4,3).
129. Kind of iceberg that may threaten audibly.
133. How to pay with no credit (3,4).
170. The pain in a Bach etude for organ.
176. Classical mountain with World War II secret organization first.

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JOHN J. BORGHI
General Manager

when at the age of twenty-seven he first applied to the Salon. A visitor to the Philadelphia exhibition might reach the conclusion that Manet could not possibly have had any difficulties with the authorities or with the guardians of public morals. Portraits, the life in the cafés, racetracks, bullfights, marine views, vistas of Venice, bouquets of flowers, still lifes—could any subjects be more harmless?

But a small watercolor (now owned by the Greek multimillionaire shipowner Stavros Niarchos) recalls one of the great art scandals of nineteenth-century France. This was the final sketch for the major oil "Olympia" and shows a recumbent naked woman; a Negro servant girl brings her flowers; a black cat lies at the foot of her bed. Today it would be startling only to boys of five. But when "Olympia" was shown at the Salon in 1865, it was necessary to assign two policemen to guard the picture against the assaults of angry visitors, who would tolerate lush female nudes only if they had been painted by old masters and placed in a mythological setting. Manet, that well-bred gentleman from a highly respected family, had not wanted to shock for the sake of shocking, but he did not feel that he had to make concessions to the absurd taboo that a completely naked woman could be portrayed only if she was called Venus or Diana.

"Olympia," dubbed a "female gorilla" by one angry critic, eventually landed safely in the Louvre, or rather in that part of it called Jeu de Paume, reserved for nineteenth-century innovators. The French did not send the original to Philadelphia, nor did they send *"Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe"*—a nude woman sitting beside two fully dressed men, with another flimsily dressed woman in the background—which had scandalized Paris in 1863. (They did send the exquisite portraits of two fascinating ladies: Lola de Valence, a Spanish dancer who inspired Baudelaire to a poem, and Nina de Callias, celebrated hostess whose circle included Mallarmé, Verlaine, and Anatole France.) But it is safe to say that the vast majority of pictures currently displayed in Philadelphia were first greeted with reactions that ranged from puzzlement to downright hostility. One must read *Manet and His Critics,* by George Heard Hamilton, to learn how throughout his career the artist was treated with scorn by the majority of influential critics. Unfortunately, unlike so many of his colleagues, he yearned for official recognition. While he was represented at the Salon—which kept out the Impressionists—he received awards only twice, an honorable mention at the beginning of his career and a second-class medal toward its end. Manet was finally elected to the Legion of Honor, but this recognition came late, two years before his death.

If Manet had only twice violated the pruderies of his period, why did nearly every one of his pictures create such a stir? For the very reason we still find him exciting after so many decades: Manet was the first modern painter. (This honor might have gone to Géricault, but he died young.) Most of the fashionable mid-nineteenth-century painters of France dealt with history or mythology, or confined themselves to inane anecdotes; Manet fitted the conception of the *"Peintre de la vie moderne"* evolved by Baudelaire. Unfortunately the poet, though a friend of Manet, did not really have eyes for his art and bestowed the title "Painter of Modern Life" upon a mediocrity named Constantin Guys. Yet the fine words he wasted on Guys can be fully applied to Manet:

". . . he goes and watches the river of life flow past him in all its splendor and majesty. He marvels at the eternal beauty and the amazing harmony of life in the capital cities, a harmony so providentially maintained amid the turmoil of human freedom. He gazes upon the landscapes of the great city—landscapes of stones, caressed by the mist or buffeted by the sun. He delights in fine carriages and proud horses, the dazzling smartness of the grooms, the expertness of the footmen, the sinuous gait of the women, the beauty of the children, happy to be alive and nicely dressed; in a word, he delights in universal life."

A major reason that Manet so distressed Parisians with even his

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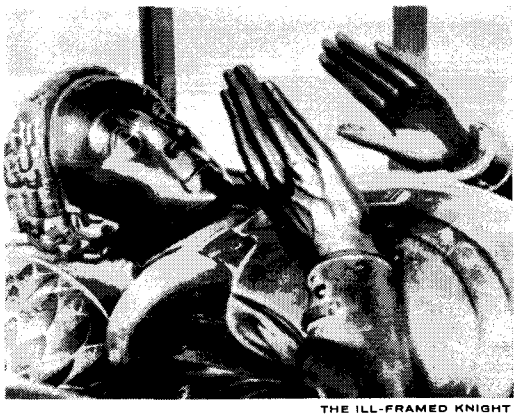

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most "harmless" pictures was just this: that he created pure paintings rather than literature or "reportage," as the minor artists did. In Philadelphia on loan from Boston is one version of "The Execution of Emperor Maximilian"—with patches of brilliant color but none of the rhetoric and editorializing with which another painter might have reacted to the assassination of the Hapsburg prince in Mexico. It is a "cool" picture in the sense that it does not make a demand on our emotions—or not directly. His "View of Holland," in fresh, robust colors, is not the kind of "Dutch" painting art lovers of the period would have expected. For if he was, to a degree, a conformist as a man, Manet was utterly unconcerned with academic tradition as a painter. True, he too had learned to pose his model in the studio where the dim light falls through the window, and he too had made use of the slow transition from light to shade that gives the impression of roundness and solidity. But he would have preferred to have his nude models pose in the fields. He liked the streets of Paris and the surrounding villages where, in the open air, gradations from dark to light are not perceptible, where only harsh, strong contrasts are to be found.

He had gradually shed all the conventions he had acquired at the schools, realizing that a painter might just as well put on canvas what he sees rather than what he knows. In the full light of day round forms often do look flat, like colored patches; we do not take in details, we focus only on one spot, while all the rest often looks to us like a jumble of disconnected forms. What Velázquez, Hals, and the Venetians knew but what the French academicians had forgotten, Manet rediscovered for himself—the secret of synthetic painting, of creating forms through color rather than through lines (which do not exist in nature). Those great masters knew what escaped *les professeurs:* that the eye creates its world by swift interpretation of the most significant indications of masses rather than by minute observation.

From one picture to another, Manet grew freer and freer, his brush became swifter, the execution broader, his hand more and more spontaneous. All half-tones disappeared, color became increasingly light and bright, the opaque shadows were reduced, the atmosphere intensified, the outline indicated by color only. Far from competing with photography, he proved that he could set a scene with more vivacity than any lens could.

ONE HUNDRED years ago, at the Paris Exposition, Manet put up a wooden pavilion to show his pictures there rather than submit them to the hostile Salon jury. Citizens took their families there for amusement. Many painters came, too: "They all went wild with laughter," recalled Antonin Proust. But Emile Zola had the courage to write: "We laugh at Monsieur Manet; it will be our sons who go into ecstasies over his canvases." (Public opinion forced Zola's paper to drop his art column.) Among the faults Manet was charged with was that he never finished his pictures. Mallarmé gave the right answer: "What is an 'unfinished work,' if all its elements are in accord, and if it possesses a charm which could easily be broken by an additional touch?"

The visitor to the Philadelphia Museum will note quite a few pastels; most of them are from Manet's last years when, suddenly, locomotor ataxia made it impossible for him to stand at the easel. By the summer of 1882 he was barely able to walk. By the spring of 1883 he had completely lost the use of his legs. On April 19 of that year he underwent amputation of his left leg, and eleven days later he was dead.

Museums and private collectors from many countries contributed to the success of this exhibition. We can be proud that some of the finest Manets are owned by museums in this country, notably the Art Institute of Chicago, the National Gallery in Washington, and New York's Metropolitan Museum. The visitor will gladly accept the critic Duret's verdict: "Manet did not see as others saw; he and they perceived the same image differently . . . he saw the world in a brilliance of light to which other eyes were blind." Thanks to Manet, we are no longer blind to this brilliance.

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Heaven and Earth In Two Dimensions

JAMES A. MAXWELL

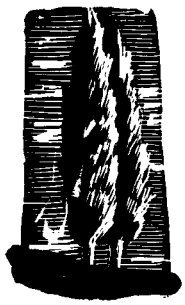
"THE BIBLE . . . in the beginning" seems less the product of three such sophisticated film makers as producer Dino De Laurentiis, director John Huston, and scriptwriter Christopher Fry than the work of a fundamentalist preacher with a magnificent eye for photography. Literalism marks every foot of the film.

The story of Genesis is told in simple black-and-white terms without overtones, with no attempt to find beneath-the-surface symbolic meanings or to explore any of the shaded areas in man's relationship with his God. Men are good or evil, nothing in between. God—whose off-screen lines are read by Huston with a sibilant voice—is stern, demanding, and merciless to those who offend Him. This simple, uncomplicated approach to the Bible has considerable charm, and certainly reverence and honesty are a welcome relief from the Biblical "spectacles" that have been cluttering the screen for years. Unfortunately, literalism loses its effectiveness after a given period. *The Bible* fails, not because the concept was bad, but because the movie goes on far, far too long.

Because of the excellent photography, skillful direction, and generally fine work of the cast, the two-dimensional treatment does not pall badly until about the last third of the three-hour film. By then, the viewer becomes painfully aware that his mind is running about ten minutes ahead of what is being shown on the screen. Everything has become predictable; he knows exactly how each succeeding scene will be handled, how each character will respond. That last hour goes on and on and on.

Happily, the photography remains impressive throughout the film. From the opening sequence, the creation of the universe, to the final scene of Abraham on a barren hill prepared to sacrifice his son to God, the camera has been used with honesty, imagination, and power. The wide screen is excellent for conveying such scenes as the lushly beautiful Garden of Eden bathed in golden light, the stark, bitter landscape traversed by Cain fleeing God's wrath, the Great Flood, the mass migration through the desert, and a flight of thousands of birds across the sky. Color is used magnificently without ever being permitted to intrude on the immediate business at hand.

WITH a few exceptions, the acting is on a high level. Two of these exceptions are to be found in the Garden of Eden. Michael Parks as Adam and Ulla Bergryd as Eve are a handsome pair who photograph beautifully in the buff (including unexplained navels), but



that is about their only contribution. For example, when they eat the forbidden fruit and the musical sound track rises to an almost deafening crescendo to underline a great climax, the young actors look for all the world like a nice young couple who have sampled one of Howard Johnson's more exotic ice creams and can't quite decide whether they like it or not.

Soon, however, Richard Harris retrieves the situation with his intense portrayal of Cain. But the picture doesn't reach full stride until Noah (John Huston) and the animals appear. Except for a few coy moments, the building of the ark, the marching in of the animals two by two, and the Flood are the high points of the film. Huston plays Noah in exactly the right key: an earthy, simple God-fearing man with enough sense of humor to make his unlikely undertaking believable. His obvious ease and empathy with the animals results in a number of the film's most memorable scenes.

Stephen Boyd is a strong and arrogant Nimrod in the episode devoted to the building of the Tower of Babel, but the sequence adds little to the film beyond demonstrating director Huston's skill at deploying thousands of extras, and making the picture's announced budget of six million dollars seem fully believable.

George C. Scott, as Abraham, and Ava Gardner, as Sarah, fill the central roles in the final part of *The Bible*, and both turn in excellent performances. However, Miss Gardner's somewhat Semitic features come as a shock since all the other leading parts from Adam to Abraham are filled by Anglo-Saxons. ("What's that Jewish girl doing in a picture about the Old Testament?" my companion whispered during Sarah's first appearance.) Peter O'Toole is responsible for a trio of well-defined characterizations as the Three Angels or Heavenly Messengers. A simple bit of movie legerdemain makes the feat possible: when O'Toole is speaking as one of the Angels, the other two parts are filled by actors who keep their faces covered.

The scenes involving Scott, Miss Gardner, O'Toole, a host of supporting players, and thousands of extras are filled with action: mass migration, battles, carnage, lovemaking, the wicked carryings-on of Sodom and the destruction of that city apparently by an atomic bomb, to judge by the familiar mushroom cloud that appears above the site.

However, by the time all this is taking place, ennui is beginning to mount for the viewer. There is nothing basically wrong with any of the episodes. The problem is simply one of asking the audience to suspend judgment, to maintain its childlike wonder for too long a period.

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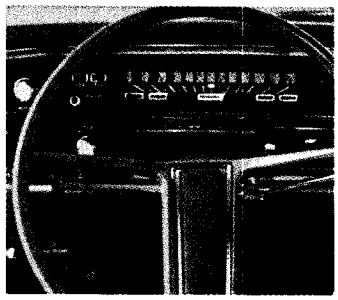

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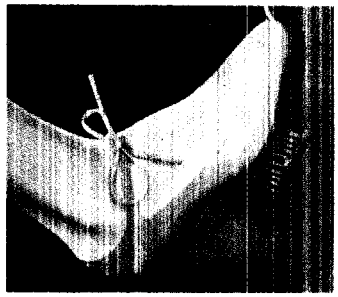

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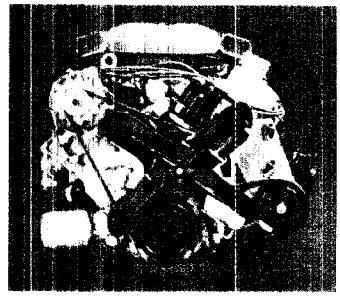

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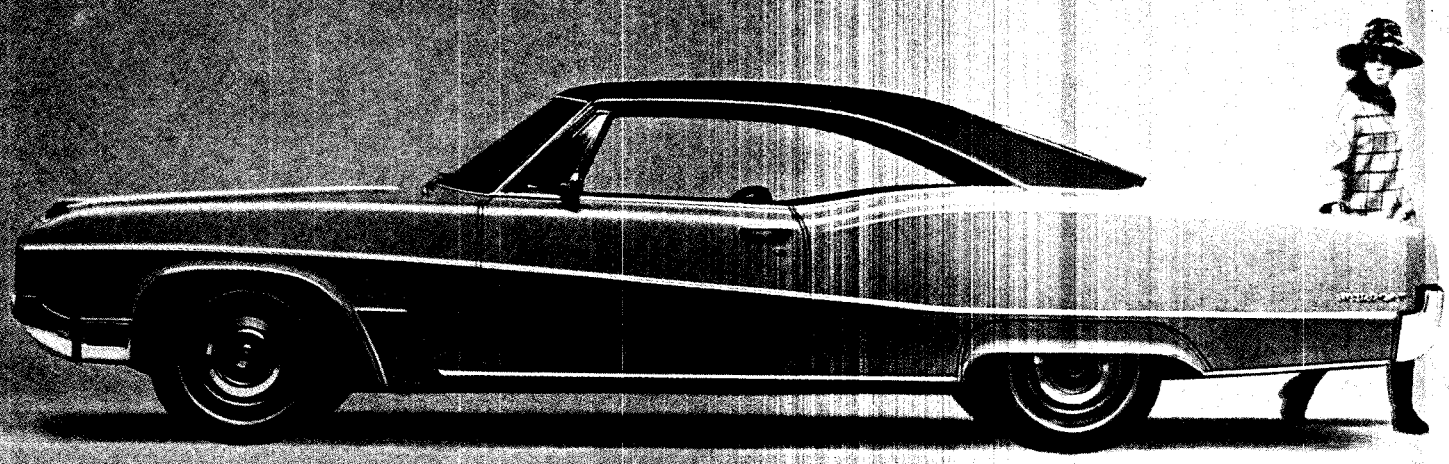

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